

**OFFICIAL  
WRESTLING**  
FEB. 1964

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The Magazine Wrestling Fans Believe In

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**OFFICIAL**

# WRESTLING

**SCOOP**

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By Antonino Rocca

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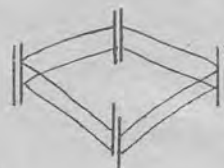
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## ... and in this corner



IN PUTTING together the first issue of  
Official Wrestling, we were reminded  
of the story of three girls—one English,  
one American and one French—all of  
whom were asked what they would do if  
they were stranded on an island with 150  
men.

The English girl, obviously frightened,  
said she would find a cave and hide.

The American girl, trained to face up  
to problems, said she would pick out the  
strongest, handsomest man and marry  
him.

Lastly, the French girl, true to her tra-  
ditions, said she understood the situation,  
but just couldn't see the problem.

The object of the story, of course, is  
that viewpoint governs to a large extent  
what we do and how we do it. The view-  
point of Official Wrestling is, and will  
continue to be, that wrestling is a color-  
ful, entertaining sport with a vast, time-  
less appeal; that it demands a high degree  
of physical perfection, athletic ability, and  
innate intelligence from its competitors;  
that its fans are not simply idle spectators  
but devoted followers, interested in all  
facets of the sport; and, lastly, that to  
stimulate that interest is a challenging  
task which we more than welcome.

In this, and succeeding issues, we shall  
try and relay to you the thoughts and  
stories of wrestling's most talented and  
interesting performers. We have to admit  
right now that we don't always agree  
with their thoughts, such as those ex-  
pressed by Dick the Bruiser in this issue,  
but then that's our privilege. Yours too,  
for that matter. Still, we feel that if they  
have something to say which will interest  
our readers and further the sport, then it  
is our duty to present it to the best of our  
ability.

We will give you factual, informative,  
entertaining stories, well-written, thought-  
fully edited (we hope), and attractively  
presented. That's a large order, but that's  
what we plan to do. What's more, we  
plan to do it monthly, so we hope you'll  
make Official Wrestling a habit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before we get too far along here, we'd  
like to discuss something which has dis-

continued on page 6





# Are the best things in life passing you by?

**Charles Atlas**

Holder of Title  
"World's Most  
Perfectly  
Developed  
Man"

**They Needn't Be — Because Now You Too Can Get  
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## ...and in this corner

turbed us for quite a time. It concerns one of the sport's most exciting forms of competition—the tag match.

In talking with wrestlers, one gets the distinct impression that there is a widespread reluctance among top-name performers to compete as a member of a tag team. Most wrestlers prefer to work as "singles" simply because, as they put it, they "only have one man to watch."

Now, in theory at least, there is only one man to watch in a tag match. In practice, it is something quite different. Indeed, it is probably safe to say that it is more common to see three and four wrestlers in the ring in a tag match than just two. As a result, there is often more confusion than sport. This may be exciting, but so are riots.

We don't blame the wrestlers, really, except those who deliberately break the rules. Self-preservation, or maybe co-preservation would be a better word, demands that a wrestler go to the assistance of a partner who is being abused in the ring. That's only natural.

But, we can't help feel that the need for assistance wouldn't be so acute if the referee took a firmer stand. Indeed, as sports officials go, wrestling referees have to take the prize for exercising the least amount of authority. We wouldn't really care about it—its been our experience that wrestlers can take care of themselves—but we realize that a fine form of competition is being denied some of the sport's top performers simply because there is a decided lack of discipline in the ring. Frankly, we wouldn't care to discipline a 250-pound wrestler ourselves, but we can wish that someone would come along who would.

\* \* \* \* \*

Don't get the impression we're in an angry mood this month, but there is another area of the sport which irks us, and we might as well get rid of our hostilities at the start. This concerns false billing.

Promoters are at fault for this.

This gets us mad, because it's a real slap at the intelligence of the average fan. Now, we aren't asking every program to list a complete F.B.I. security investigation of the participants. We don't even mind when the names are misspelled, which is a fairly liberal viewpoint for an editor. But we do find it a little silly when a wrestler is billed as hailing from, say, Atlanta, when in reality he's never been closer to Georgia than a Ray Charles' recording. This, however, is done regularly. The question which stumps us, is why?

Perhaps the promoter has another Southerner on the card that night and wants to balance out the interest. If so,

it's a stupid reason. Billing doesn't add to a wrestler's talent or technique, nor does it really affect a fan's reaction to same. In short, it just seems unnecessary.

\* \* \* \* \*

A regular feature of Official Wrestling, in future issues, will concern letters to the editor, assuming, of course, that we get some. If you care to drop us a line, please do so to Official Wrestling, 2022 Empire State Building, New York City 1, N.Y. We'd like to hear from you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Speaking of billing, we've given some thought to wrestlers we'd like to see in the future. They don't really exist today, but it might be fun to see them just the same. After all, who could resist the urge to see a rugged wrestler from abroad, such as The Rock of Gibraltar? Silly, you say? Maybe so, but we'd still get a kick out of watching another foreigner, who also played pro football on both offense and defense. We're speaking of none other than Two-Way Ray Dio from Sylvania. Or, if you prefer a home-grown product, what about Si DeWalks of New York? Then there's that terrific lady wrestler, Eve R. Glades of Florida. She's good, but our favorite is that great grappler from Mexico, Marsh El Dilon of Dahgciti. Finally, our West Coast favorite is Oscar Nahminee from Hollywood. Of course, he doesn't win very often, but we like him just the same. Maybe you have some favorites of your own. If so, send them along. We like a laugh, too.



Two's Sport, Four's A Riot



# Profits That Lie Hidden in America's Mountain of Broken Electrical Appliances

By J. M. Smith President, National Radio Institute



**And I mean profits for you — no matter who you are, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 400 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? So it's no wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making \$3 to \$5 an hour — in spare time or full time! I'd like to send you a Free Book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.**

**T**HE COMING OF THE AUTO created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed.

The appliance repair business is booming — because the sale of appliances is booming. One thing naturally follows the other. In addition to the 400,000,000 appliances *already* sold, this year alone will see sales of 76 million *new* appliances. For example, 4,750,000 new coffee makers, almost 2,000,000 new room air conditioners, 1,425,000 new clothes dryers. A nice steady income awaits the man who can service appliances like these. And I want to tell you why that man can be *you* — even if you don't know a volt from an ampere now.

## A Few Examples of What I Mean

Now here's a report from Earl Reid, of Thompson, Ohio: "In one month I took in approximately \$648 of which \$510 was clear. I work only part time." And, to take a big jump out to California, here's one from

J. G. Stinson, of Long Beach: "I have opened up a small repair shop. At present I am operating the shop on a spare time basis — but the way business is growing it will be a very short time before I will devote my full time to it."

Don't worry about how little you may now know about repair work. What John D. Pettis, of Bradley, Illinois wrote to me is this: "I had practically no knowledge of any kind of repair work. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off — and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in my basement."

## We Tell You Everything You Need to Know

If you'd like to get started in this fascinating, profitable, rapidly growing field — let us give you the home training you need. Here's an excellent opportunity to build up "a business of your own" without big investment — open up an appliance repair shop, become independent. Or you may prefer to keep your present job, turn your spare time into extra money.

You can handle this work anywhere — in a corner of your basement or garage, even

on your kitchen table. No technical experience, or higher education is necessary. We'll train you at home, in your spare time, using methods proven successful for over 45 years. We start from scratch — *tell* you in plain English, and *show* you in clear pictures — everything you need to know. And, you will be glad to know, your training will cost you less than 20¢ a day.

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I think that our 24-page Free Book will open your eyes to a whole world of new opportunities and how you can "cash in" on America's "Electrical Appliance Boom."

I'll also send you a Free Sample Lesson. It shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instruction is — how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future in this big field. Just mail coupon, letter, or postcard to me: Mr. J. M. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. N5B4 Washington 16, D.C. (No obligation, of course — and no salesman will call on you.)

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# The Lady is a champ

by MAYDA LANNIK

**T**HE lady was wearing a silk suit of pale gold which both matched her hair and emphasized her svelte figure. She looked impeccable, fastidious and seductively feminine, and seemed qualified by nature and design to talk about a woman's world.

But she didn't because this was Mary Anagnostopulos, and wrestling is her world. Despite the fact she's only 5-4 and weighs a scant 98 pounds, she's "very big" in wrestling. That's because, besides being lovely to look at, she's a shrewd business-woman.

She's also quite practical, because the first thing she tells you is to call her "Mrs. A." Together with her husband Mr. A.—first name, Athanasios—she sponsors a series of weekly televised matches featuring Antonino Rocca from New York's Sunnyside Garden. That's where we caught up with the lady and asked about her interest in wrestling.

"I completely control Rocca," she said with a smile. Considering her size, it was quite a statement. But then you'll find out, she's quite a woman.

"I thought your husband was Rocca's manager," said your inquiring . . . no, make that prying . . . reporter.

"Not at all," said Mrs. A. sharply. "With my husband I have many business promotions. But Rocca, he is all mine!"

We switched the subject, lest we start a family squabble, but Mary is a lady with a mind of her own. She wanted to talk about Rocca, and we got the distinct impression, that what Mary wants, Mary gets.

"I met Rocca in Argentina many years ago," she said. "We were good friends in the States, after he got here, and early in 1963 I became his manager."

The obvious question was, "Why?"

"Rocca is like harmony in music. It's his rhythm. Everything he does is beautiful and he is very appealing to women." Then, with a charming Greek accent and a touch of Athenian philosophy, she added, "but I love all wrestling. It makes me happy."

We asked her to explain the origin of her personal fascination with the sport.

"At home, in Athens, when I was a little girl," she said somewhat nostalgically, "my father always talked about wrestling. It was his favorite sport, but then it has always been so with Greeks. Wrestling is one of the country's oldest sports."

"But now, I like to build new, perfect things," she said, quickly bringing the subject up to date, and, probably intentionally, to Sunnyside Garden. "I love this business. I would like to see wrestling return to its golden days of glory right here!"

Her interest in the sport didn't take a professional turn until six years ago when she married Mr. A. With her marriage (her second), she joined her husband in the corporate interests that are the talk of wrestling circles today. It was an ideal combination. Mr. A. brought with him a European background in theatrical production while Mary brought a solid education and a bubbling energy.

In her student years, Mary studied at the American College of Greece. She majored in philosophy and languages. With a quick, sure smile she acknowledges proficiency in



Next to Mrs. A. (the subject of this story), the most charming woman in wrestling is the author, Mayda Lannik. A former fashion editor, who can outdress most models, she is a rare combination of taste and talent, and will be regularly writing lady-to-lady features for Official Wrestling. In addition, she will head up our Fan Club Department, so address all news to her, in care of this publication. We know you'll be pleased with her work. We are.

MRS. A., above with her husband, enjoys matches at Sunnyside.

speaking four languages—French, Spanish, Greek and English—and passing acquaintance with two more—Latin and Japanese, if you please.

Mrs. A.'s enthusiasms include a love of art, and she is a frequent visitor to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. She's also a music lover whose tastes run more to the classical than the popular. But even in her side interests, Mary is never far from wrestling. Indeed, when she speaks of her favorite artists and composers, she invariably mentions Rocca's name, too. It's almost as if Rembrandt and Rocca were a tag team. And when it comes to Toscanini, well, she puts it this

*continued on page 80*



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# "I DECLARE WAR!"

by Antonino  
Rocca

*The Barefoot Boy From Argentina Strikes Out In Favor Of Honesty And Decency And Names New York City As The Battleground.*

I can be no secret to you that, during all the years I have been in wrestling, I have stood for two things above all others—honesty and decency. Without them, I could not face my public. What is possibly more important to me, I couldn't look in a mirror.

These past few years wrestling has undergone changes which made it difficult for me to continue in the sport unless I lowered my standards or fought back.

Those who know me know that there could be only one choice. I would fight back. I will not yield to bullies, particularly when they threaten that to which I've devoted most of my life.

So I have declared war, a war of independence for all wrestlers who have been, or will be, faced with the same decision. And I have chosen the first battleground, New York.

Why? For the simple reason that this city and state always have been quick to

understand and back up my desire to make wrestling a good game as well as a good business.

I have put my reputation and my ability behind a new effort to produce shows which will please the followers of the game and which will build a healthy atmosphere for expansion.

This effort is being made by the World Booking Agency, a fresh organization headed by old friends of mine and ardent wrestling enthusiasts for many years, Mr. and Mrs. Athanasios Anagnostopulos.

(Editor's Note: A separate story concerning Mrs. Anagnostopulos, entitled "The Lady Is A Champ," can be found elsewhere in this issue.)

World Booking has started a schedule of weekly television shows from Sunnyside Garden in Long Island City, on which I will appear each Monday night (Channel 9).

More than that, I will campaign to



gather under this banner all wrestlers who, like myself, feel they cannot do their best if they can't walk with dignity at all times.

It is a privilege to lead such a movement but I deserve the opportunity. I have proven I can battle my way to the top against obstacles and enemies.

My whole life has been a winning struggle.

### A NEED TO FIGHT

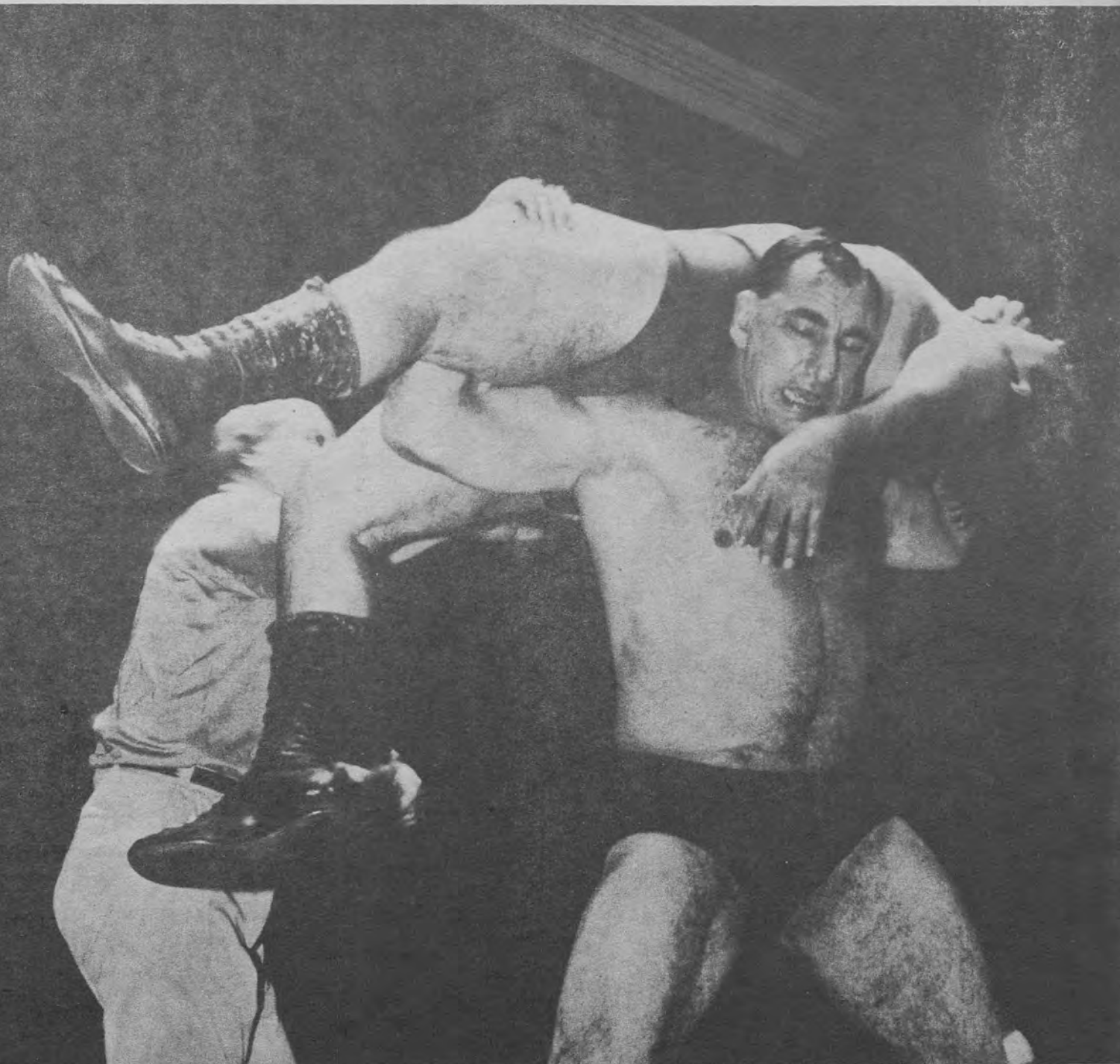
Even as a small boy I quickly learned the need to fight. When I should have been in a protected home in Italy, my birthplace, I was in Argentina, a strange country, trying to adapt myself to new conditions and new people.

I fought for survival, education and security and I won on all counts. More than that, with due modesty I can say

that I became a national hero in a country that once seemed cold and distant to me.

Then, as a grown man, I came to the United States for the first time in the late 1940's. Again I had doubts, fears. America was a big, rich nation; New York was a city of many millions with sports stars of all kinds.

I did not hesitate. I picked up the chal-



**THERE'S NO** cleaner or more devastating hold in wrestling than Rocca's Argentine backbreaker. Here, he uses it to finish off a foe.



LIKE A PANTHER awaiting his prey, Rocca rests on ropes after winning a fall.

**"My Whole Life Has Been  
A Struggle," Says Rocca,  
"And I've Won."**

lenge and I became the biggest drawing card in wrestling in the United States. I made friends with business men, doctors, lawyers, mayors, governors and senators. But I didn't lose the common touch. I stayed close to the working man and his people.

The result is that I not only have popularity and prestige, I have broken another barrier, I have conquered my own worries that I might not fit here—I am an American now in every sense of the word.

It hasn't been easy to go all this way. With honesty and decency, I mean.

I never will forget the night in Madison Square Garden in 1957 when there was all that trouble.

I was in a feature match with Edward Carpentier against Dick (The Bruiser) Afflis and Dr. Jerry Graham. We had won the first fall fairly, under unfair conditions. Each time I would lift Afflis for my Argentine backbreaker, Graham would kick me in the stomach. It was wrong, vicious, illegal and it hurt my pride.

Graham was warned by the referee to stop and finally the referee disqualified them. Normally that would have been the end of it. But my blood was boiling and I couldn't wait to get my hands on him. I charged him in the corner and bashed his head against the post.

The fans knew I had been wronged and they went wild. They climbed over the working press, swinging umbrellas and camp chairs. Others threw bottles and beer cans from the balcony. Some smashed rows of chairs at ringside. Still more, who already had gone outside, threw rocks at the windows to Graham's dressing room.

Obviously the State Athletic Commission was on the spot. There was a hearing the following week, at which Graham and I were fined \$1,000 each and the next show at the Garden was cancelled.

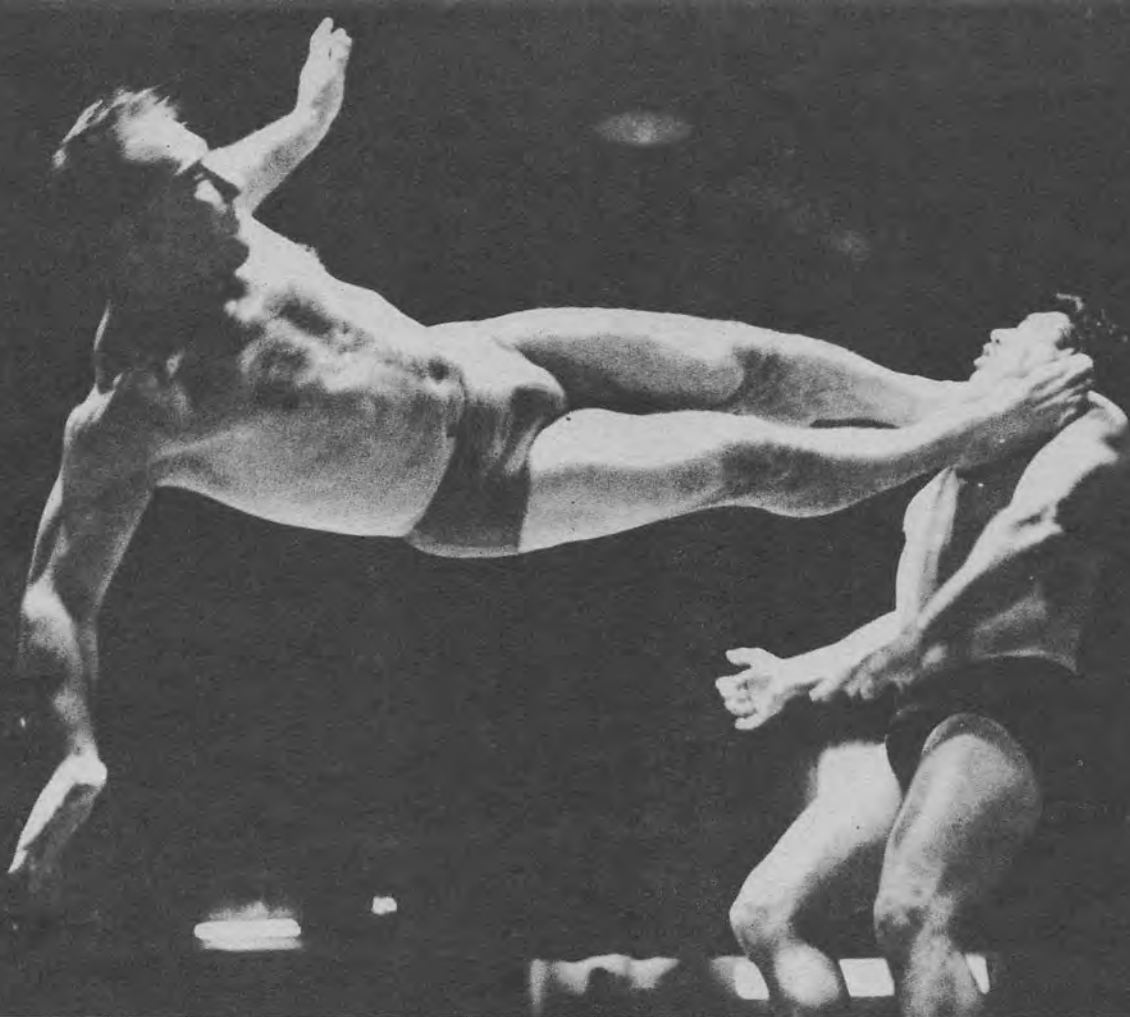
This was hitting where it hurt, but I could not blame the commission. I could, and did blame Graham. He started it, he provoked me to a point where I wasn't able to control myself. I don't remember what he said to the commission afterwards but I apologized. I knew I was wrong.

Never again will I become so infuriated. I learned that night that it is my duty to be a quieting influence on my fans regardless of what happens to me. To be their leader, I must keep my head.

**THE VALUE OF BRAINS**

More than that, I realize it is my re-





AS ADEPT with his feet as most men are with their hands, Rocca stuns Jose Romano with a deft flying drop-kick at Sunnyside Garden.



Whether using his head . . .



. . . his strong powerful legs . . .



. . . or his hands, Rocca forces the action.

sponsibility to try and teach people who look up to me that they have to respect law and order at all times.

Often I have gone to the public schools to tell youngsters how they should behave. I tell them they are wrong if they imitate the tough guys of the streets. I say the ones to copy are their teachers. And I point out that brains are more valuable than muscles.

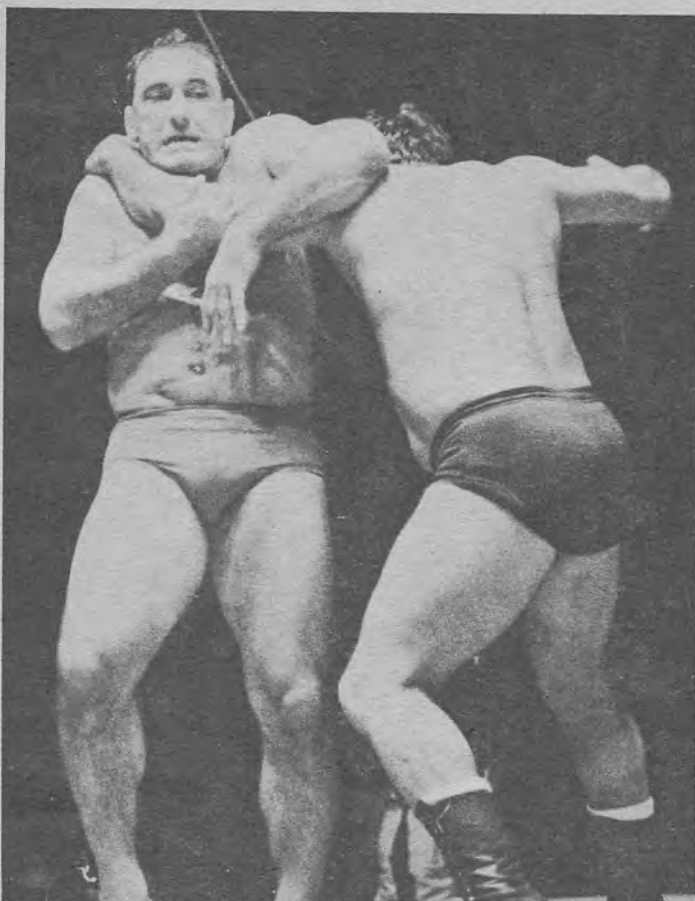
The kids will ask me questions. Like "is wrestling fixed?" I answer them by saying: "Look my life is wrestling. When I win, I am happy. If I lose, I am sad.

To lose just for money, that's dirty. And I am not a dirty man. Can you see that?" Then they want to know "why did you become a wrestler?" And I tell a story of when I was a small boy in Italy. There was a big river and somebody said: "You can't swim across." I didn't like to be told what I couldn't do so I trained myself to swim across. . . . I wanted to conquer wrestling, so I pushed myself to be the best wrestler in the world and I succeeded.

I am much older now than when I first came here but I still try hard to be the

best wrestler I know how. I don't think there is a man in any sport who puts as much into it as I do. And I have the knowledge of my body to make this effort worthwhile. I honestly believe my system talks to me, telling me when it needs rest, when it needs activity when it needs nourishment.

Sometimes I get the impulse to sleep around the clock and I do it. Once when I had no matches for a couple of days, I slept 42 hours straight. Another thing, home is not a good place to rest. I always have a room in a hotel with "Don't Dis-



**AN INTENSE** competitor, Rocca says "I have proven I can battle my way to the top." Above, he takes some stiff punishment from Romano before scoring a spectacular takedown, below right.

turb" on the door. In that room I have a tape recorder and I listen to music hour after hour even as I sleep.

My food tastes are surprising to some people. One day I will feel like eating a big cake—and I do. Another time I don't want food at all. Or maybe I will take four tablets of dextrose-glucose. Perhaps green beans with lemon and oil. I never know what I will eat next but I know I will enjoy it.

This is my way of life and I feel it is giving me a relaxed body and mind. I have said it before and I will say it again—I will be wrestling for another 40 years. I am 37 now. And I expect to live until I am 150.

If this last promise shocks you, I can understand. But I am different than 99 out of 100 people and in many ways. My wrestling barefoot, for one. I cannot get a grip on the floor in shoes. Others have imitated this but sooner or later, they go back to wrestling in shoes because they can't do it the way I do it.

Also, there is the mental aspect of a match. The average wrestler constantly is thinking of the opponent, what he's going to do and so forth. I don't even care who my opponent is...when I go into the ring I imagine myself a wild beast in the jungle. I am fighting for my life against some other wild creature who knows no mercy. I am concerned only with my struggle.

I know from experience the feeling of

the primitive. Many years ago, when I was in Rio de Janeiro for an appearance, I got a phone call from a friend, a rancher in the remote interior of Brazil. He told me there would be an Indian tribal festival there, and he would be happy to fly me in to see it.

I accepted. Twenty hours later I was in Monoas where outsiders are seldom seen. The festival started with a blood ritual. With hunting knives, the Indians slashed their bodies and rubbed grain into the cuts. For 10, 12 hours they danced.

Then the chief said something to me. I asked for a translation. It was, "White stranger, you are famous all over the world, will you do us the honor of wrestling with our warriors?"

I agreed and remained there 12 days. I wrestled 17 Indians, sometimes two in a day. I threw all 17 and the day I left the chief brought me my reward. It was 17 shrunken human heads, from prisoners taken in warfare with other tribes. Later I gave the heads to a museum in Rio.

In more civilized places in South America I have also have found friends who want to give me strange gifts. In the pampas of Argentina the gauchos always think I need a horse so that I can ride

*continued on page 67*





Here, in a swift, hard-hitting style, one of wrestling's most knowledgeable observers writes a regular monthly column for Official Wrestling, containing news and views of the sport's top performers and promoters.

Promoter Jack Kramer told me in Las Vegas that wrestling is booming all over the West. . . . He says The Destroyer remains the greatest box-office attraction ever seen in the gambling capital of the world. . . . A very famous wrestler dropped several hundred dollars playing blackjack at the Dunes Hotel after the matches. . . . Nature Boy Buddy Rogers' wrestling career is over. . . . He will become a partner in the Worldwide Wrestling Federation. . . . New York mat fans are celebrating the return of their idol Antonino Rocca. . . . Rocca, Cowboy Ellis, the Gallagher Brothers, Fred Blassie and Verne Gagne will all be in action in 1964 at Sunnyside Garden, New York. . . . Quote from Madison Square Garden ring announcer Al Mitchell: "There'll never be wrestling at the World's Fair". . . . I urge all mat fans to write to Robert Moses, chairman of the Fair, and tell him what we think. . . . If they had mat shows at the Seattle World's Fair, why not in New York?

Lou Thesz dickering with the World Booking



The Destroyer



Red Berry



Fred Blassie

Agency for his first Eastern tour in ten years. . . . Gorilla Monsoon looks like a slim Haystack Calhoun. . . . Bruno Sammartino's television show is no match in popularity with Rocca's. . . . Big shakeup expected momentarily in Chicago mat war. . . . Lonny Starr, the ringside commentator, will put on the tights and wrestle his enemy Rip Hawk for charity. . . . Boston fans want to know who is Luke Graham. . . . He is Doctor Jerry's kid brother. . . . Eddie Graham off to St. Louis this spring. . . . George Drake, the Johnny Valentine look-alike, told me he met Johnny in a Texas ring some nine years ago in a title match. . . . Valentine won it.

Don't be amazed when Bobby Davis breaks the news he's going to manage the Graham Brothers again. . . . Canadian mat expert Fred Carveth, who is doing a great job as president of the Three Mat Musketeers' Fan Club, writes me that my troublesome friend Doctor



Fritz Von Erich



Karl Von Hess



Ladies in Jersey?

# NO HOLDS BARRED

by HARVEY KAPULER

Jerry Graham is knocking Toronto fans dead with his ring mischief. . . . In my next column, I'll reveal my future plans as personal manager of a top mat star. . . . Good-guy Jackie Fargo planning an invasion of Canada. . . . This is to settle all arguments: Bruno Sammartino is not, and never was, the recognized National Wrestling Association World's Champion. . . . Lou Thesz, who beat Bruno, is the authentic champ of matdom. . . . Ex-professor turned promoter Roy Shire sends his boys every week into Reno, Nevada. . . . Here are my ratings of contenders based on personal knowledge of the grapplers: 1) Lou Thesz; 2) Verne Gagne; 3) Eddie Graham; 4) Antonino Rocca; 5) Killer Kowalski; 6) Pat O'Connor; 7) Destroyer; 8) Bill Miller; 9) Bruno Sammartino; 10) Dr. Graham. . . . The top tag teams are: 1) Kangaroos; 2) Von Brauners; 3) Graham Brothers; 4) Rocca and Ellis and 5) The Neilsons. . . . Attendance is up in St. Paul. . . . Miami mat fans told me Eddie Graham's popularity is on the rise, if that's possible. . . . Arrangements are being completed by Tony Angelo to bring his charge, the Masked Terror, to the East.



Bobo Brazil



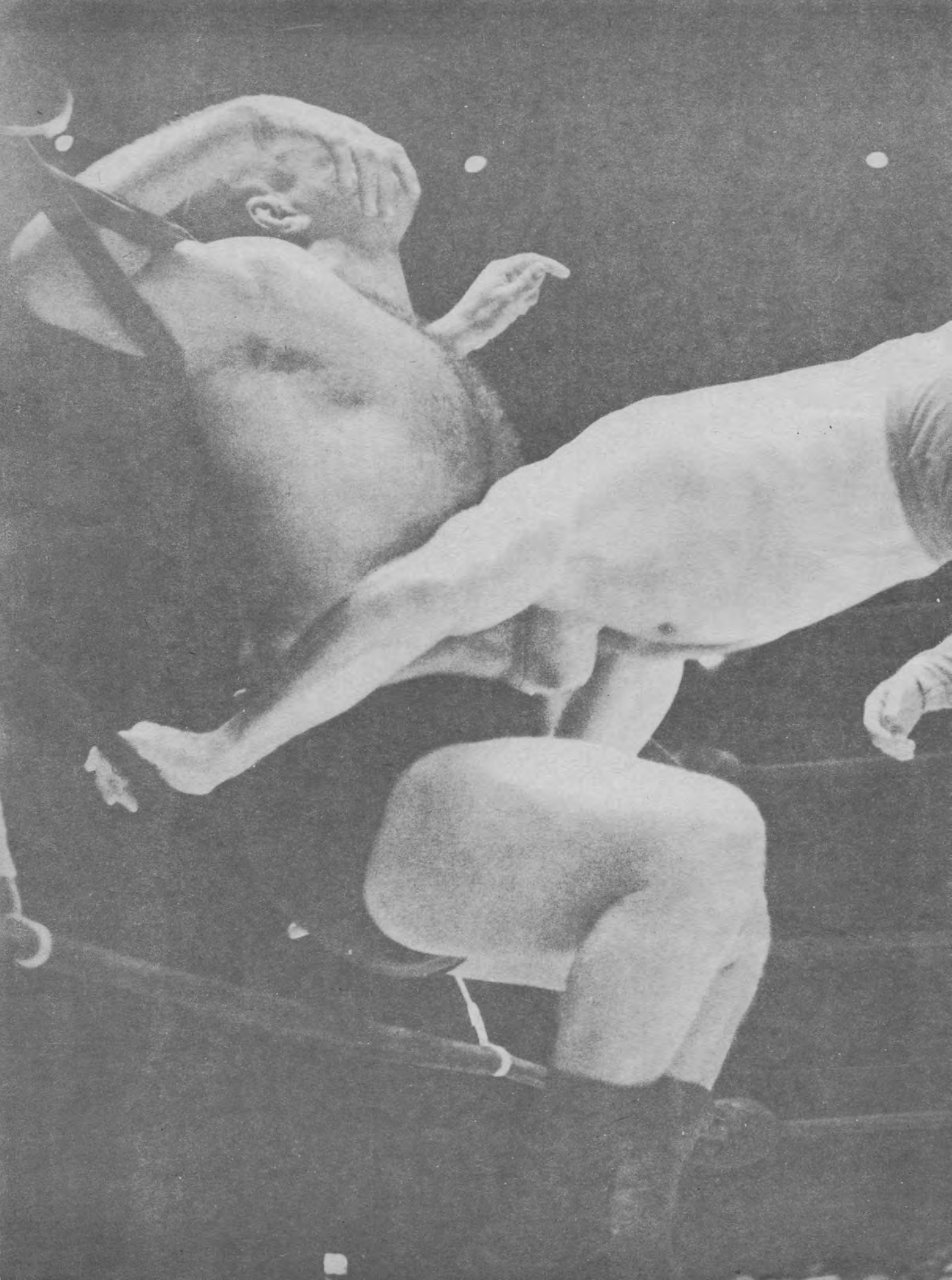
Judy Grable




Rickie Starr

The most under-rated matman in the U.S. today is Fritz von Erich. . . . Ed Carpentier demanding a death match with Hans Mortier. . . . Look for Red Berry to startle the wrestling fraternity with explosive news this February. . . . Willie Gilzenberg, New Jersey mat impresario, expanding operations. . . . George Becker was deeply moved by the warm reception New York mat fans gave him after a 12-year absence. . . . Lady wrestling might be legalized in New Jersey. . . . Puerto Rico has shows every other week featuring American stars and they are drawing good crowds of up to 8,000. . . . Wrestling Champions TV show viewed in San Juan. . . . Black Orchid strong favorite with the Puerto Ricans. . . . Gorgeous George on the comeback trail?

*continued on page 75*







# DON'T KNOCK ON WOODS ... or He Might...

By Mike Iannarella

*One of  
wrestling's  
brightest new stars,  
Tim Woods is strictly  
square... like a  
block of granite.*

# "T" STANDS FOR TINY, TALENT, TEMPER, AND A WIFE NAMED TIGER

**T**HERE is this new wrestler, one year out of Detroit, and his name is Tim Woods. He's square.

But don't let it throw you. Or he might.

He's got a square crew-cut, square chin and he likes three "squares" a day. Even his billing is square—"the likable Tim Woods" is what they call him.

That poses the question, friends, of whether Tim Woods really is square. The answer is yes. Like a block of granite.

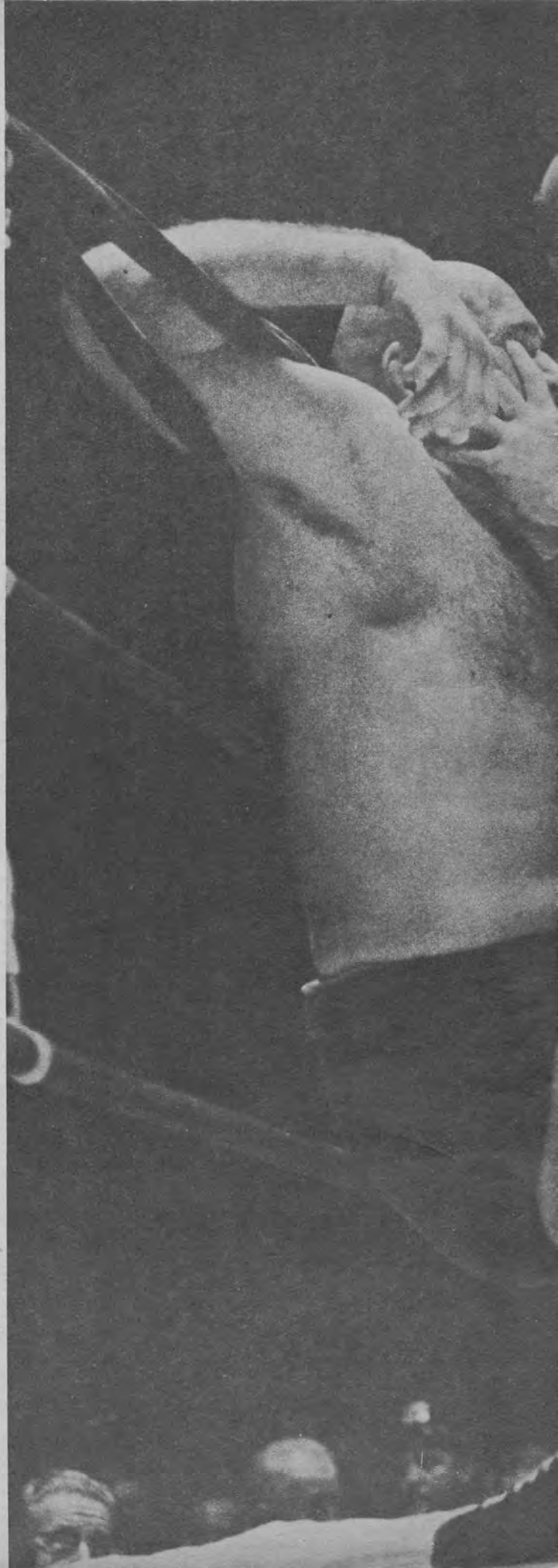
You see, his shoulders, arms, chest, hips and legs are square too. They're also rock-hard and capable of whip-like reflexes and in wrestling that's good. So is Tim Woods.

At 28 years of age, he's one, big hunk of man-flesh, standing a solid 6-1½ and weighing in at a rugged 230 pounds. Besides, he's got talent, a temper and a wife named Tiger, and he plans to go places in wrestling. From here, it's hard to see how he can miss.

Fact is, he's already been places; lots of places, like three different universities, up and down half the trees of two states and in and out of some of the better college dance halls. But not as Tim Woods.

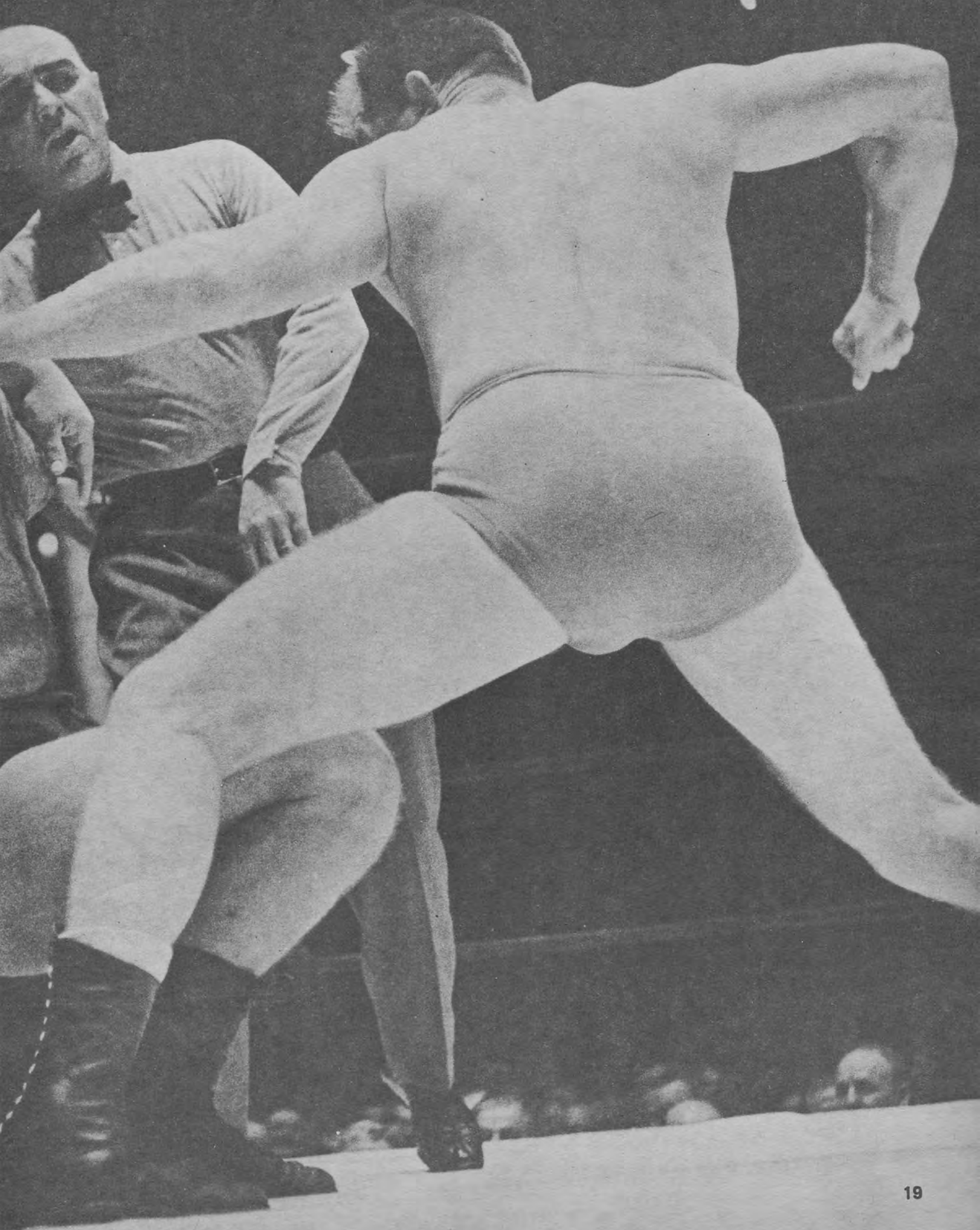
Another fellow did those things, a chap named George Burrell Woodin. Tim hasn't forgotten him and the "GBW" monogram on his shirts attests to the fact. But that was another life, and though it was a good one, Tim's shooting for a better one in wrestling. He made the big decision over a year ago, and the first thing he had to do was shed his name.

"There was no identity to Woodin," said Tim in a recent interview. He speaks with a clear, confident voice and if you didn't know he was a wrestler, you'd take him for a bright, young executive. "It was an easy name, but people kept mixing it up. They called me Wooten, Worden, and practically everything but Woodin."





A LUMBERJACK a few years ago, Tim cuts Brute Bernard down to size in a rough match at Madison Square Garden.





LIFE CAN be brutal as Jean Antone shows Jessica Rogers.



ANN REGAN gets double dose of trouble.

## STANDING IN A CORNER WATCHING ALL THE GIRLS FLY BY



JESSICA JUMPS on Ann and wins first fall.

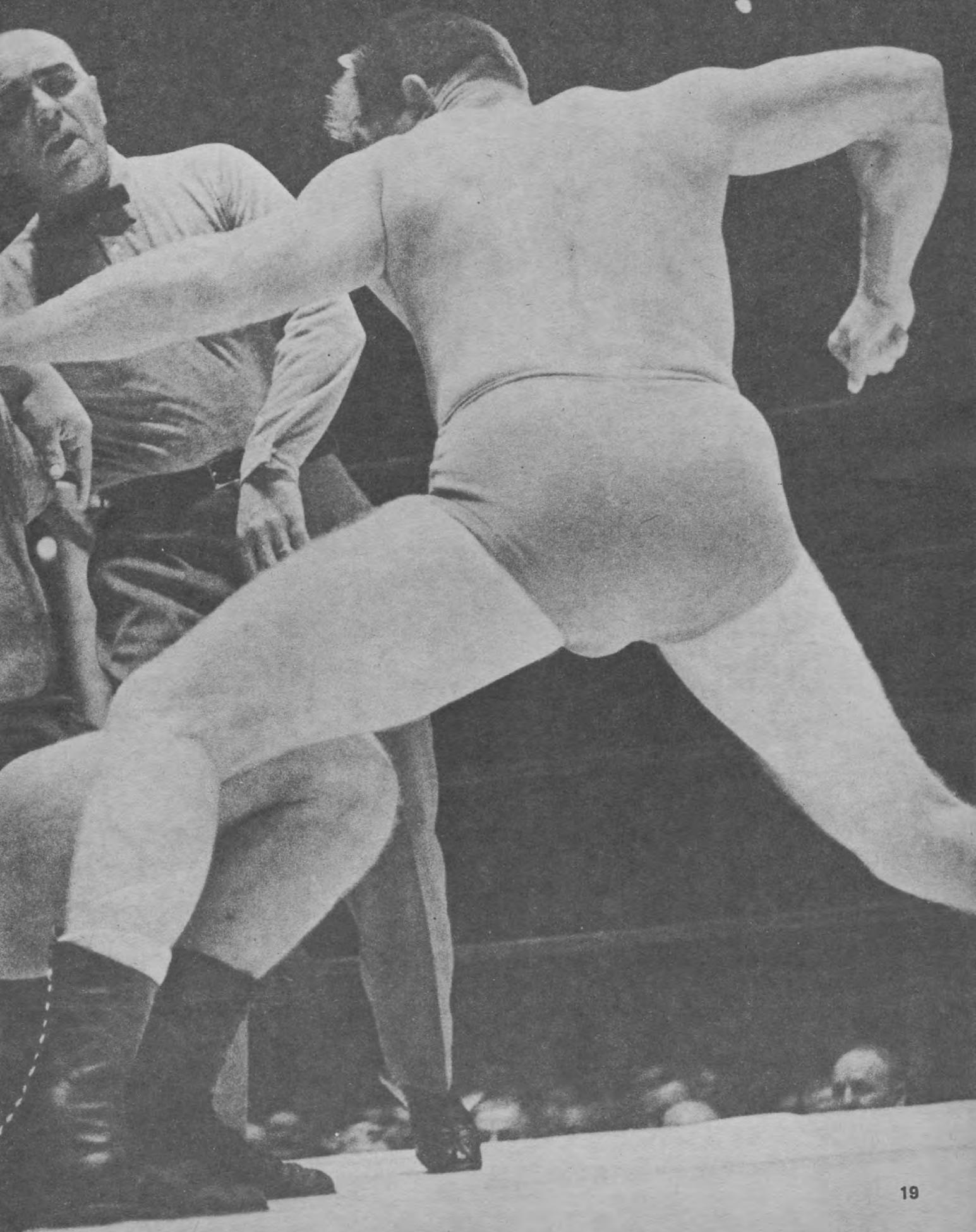
As sports go, wrestling must be considered one of the roughest. Indeed, to borrow a phrase made famous back in World War II, the "gung-ho" manner with which enormous, powerfully-muscled men go about their business of tying each other into knots of pain, is often frightening. More frightening still, is the sight of ladies doing the same thing.

It seems it takes a woman to be really vicious. And when it comes to this, lady wrestlers take the cake. Not only that, but they'll take an arm, a leg and a shock of hair to boot.

But, when the participants are as attractive as they are here (Mars Monroe and Jessica Rogers vs. Jean Antone and Ann Regan), no one seems to mind. Must be the "feminine mystique."



A LUMBERJACK a few years ago, Tim cuts Brute Bernard down to size in a rough match at Madison Square Garden.





"YOU HAVE to expect just about anything," says Tim of wrestling, and Bernard shows why.

No one to let a bad situation, or an opponent, get the upper hand, Tim shortened it to Woods. As for the name Tim, he'd been carrying that around for years, and, hold on to your hat, it's short for Tiny Tim.

"I was small for my age," said Tim as if it were the most believable thing in the world. His interviewer, knowing that Tim's suit size today is a 50-Large, looked doubtful.

"Really," said Tim, his clear, brown eyes reflecting nothing but honesty. "That's why I started wrestling. I was too small for other sports.

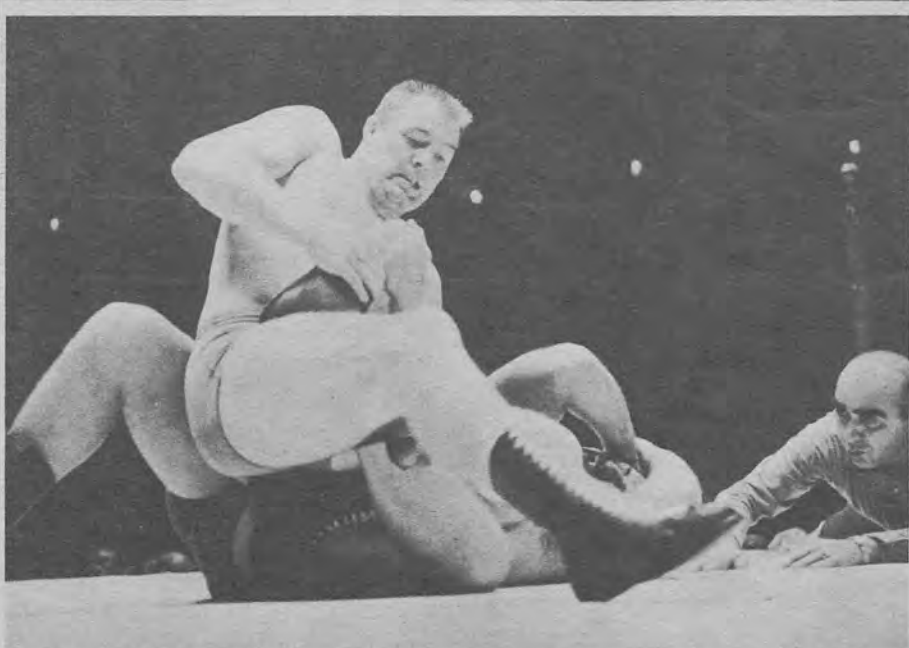
"I began at the YMCA when I was 11 years old. I wanted to build myself up, because I was only 80 pounds at the time. I was still only 95 pounds when I was a freshman in high school. The only team I could make was wrestling, and the more I wrestled, the bigger I got. The proof is that I've wrestled in every weight division there is, and it's all due to wrestling. It's the best body-developer I know."

"It must have been a case of late growth," he was told.

"No, it wasn't," he said firmly. "With the exception of mother, who was a big, healthy woman, the entire family was small. Dad never weighed more than 145 pounds and I'm by far the biggest of all the children today."

#### NO ONE GOT LONELY

Now when Tim says "all the children" 20 you'd better believe it. The Woodin



A KNOWLEDGE of leverage has made Tim a top mat attraction. Here he applies it well and hard.

household in those days was one of the noisiest places in Ithaca, N. Y. There were 13 children all told, eight boys and five girls.

No one ever got lonely, but when it came to college it meant Tim was on his own. As an Ithaca boy he was far above Cayuga's waters and there was only one school for him, Cornell. It was a rough haul, however, because in addition to studies and wrestling, Tim had to work.

"I played four instruments," said Tim, "the alto and tenor sax, the clarinet and even the flute. I still play them today for personal enjoyment but in those days it was my only source of income. I formed a combo and called it the Tim Woodin Trio. It was a good group and we played at a lot of colleges, mostly at fraternity and sorority dances. But after a year and

a half, it was too rough a go, and I dropped out of school."

Those were dark days for Tim, but rather than being over, his college days were just beginning. First though, came a bit of lumberjacking in upstate New York.

It helped him in more ways than one. As the trees began falling, Tim's muscles started bulging. First thing he knew, he was back wrestling, this time on his own and doing right well. Competing unattached, he won the national AAU championship at 191 pounds in 1955.

That started a whirlwind courtship between Tim and wrestling coaches throughout the country. Every major college in the nation offered him a scholarship and first thing he knew he had enrolled at Oklahoma A & M, now Oklahoma State.



"I never did get a chance to compete for them, due to transfer rules," said Tim. "I stayed more than a year, but again, it was too difficult financially. I was married by then and my wife couldn't find work at Oklahoma, so I dropped out of school again."

He wound up at Michigan State, and this time college stuck. Or rather he did. A liberal arts major, he took courses in forestry and horticulture as well, repeated as national AAU champion and eventually earned his degree in 1959. Still, professional wrestling was a long way from getting one of its brightest new personalities.

"I always thought of wrestling as a sport, not a career," said Tim, "so I went into business. It was a good business too. I had my own tree company, trimming, felling, things like that. It was the biggest single firm of its kind in Central Michigan, but my heart wasn't in it. It sounds corny I know, but I love wrestling and it was the only road for me. So a little over a year ago, I set out on it, and it's by far the best way to earn a living I know."

### SLOW BUT SURE

Detroit promoters Bert Ruby and Jack Britton took an interest in Tim and brought him along slowly.

"I took four months to get in shape before my first match," said Tim. "I needed it too. There's a lot more to this pro game than I first thought. And the first thing I learned is to be ready for anything."

"You can't afford to relax a second in the ring. The referee is often distracted, and, to protect yourself, you have to be mentally as well as physically alert."

Alert or not, Tim has maintained his amateur approach to the sport. He specializes in clean, rugged combat where strength, speed and skill are equally important.

"I just try and apply my theory of the sport," he said. "I believe that a fellow in the very best physical condition who uses his knowledge of leverage and balance can make a top pro wrestler. So far my theory hasn't let me down."

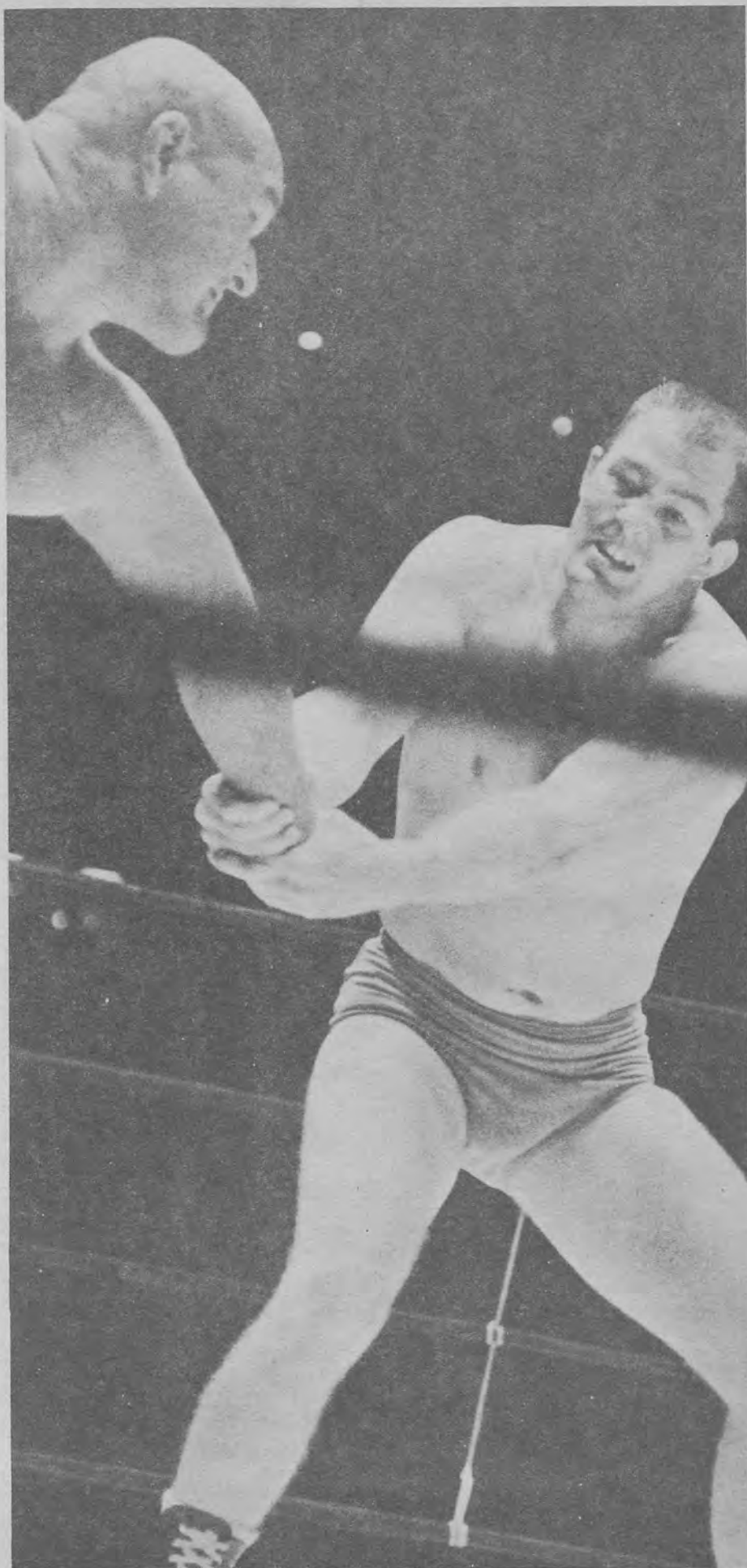
What about the rough stuff, the kicking and the gouging, that he often encounters in the ring?

"There's a lot of that," admits Tim, "but I think the trend today is toward better, more scientific wrestling. You have to learn what to expect from what I call the unethical wrestlers. I found out the hard way that that's just about anything. But you learn how to protect yourself. Besides, this is a professional sport and like all of them it is a refinement and continuation of the amateur game."

Nice words, but how does this tree-chopping chunk of wholesomeness react in the ring? He does just what he says. He has the size and the ability to take the best (or worst) the toughies in the trade can dish out. But when he gets mad, look out!

In a recent match before a packed

*continued on page 76*



TIM'S MUSCLES tense as he tosses Bernard.

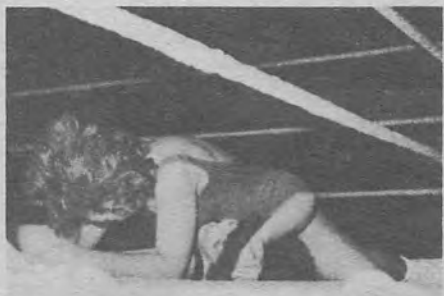


LIFE CAN be brutal as Jean Antone shows Jessica Rogers.



ANN REGAN gets double dose of trouble.

## STANDING IN A CORNER WATCHING ALL THE GIRLS FLY BY



JESSICA JUMPS on Ann and wins first fall.

As sports go, wrestling must be considered one of the roughest. Indeed, to borrow a phrase made famous back in World War II, the "gung-ho" manner with which enormous, powerfully-muscled men go about their business of tying each other into knots of pain, is often frightening. More frightening still, is the sight of ladies doing the same thing.

It seems it takes a woman to be really vicious. And when it comes to this, lady wrestlers take the cake. Not only that, but they'll take an arm, a leg and a shock of hair to boot.

But, when the participants are as attractive as they are here (Mars Monroe and Jessica Rogers vs. Jean Antone and Ann Regan), no one seems to mind. Must be the "feminine mystique."

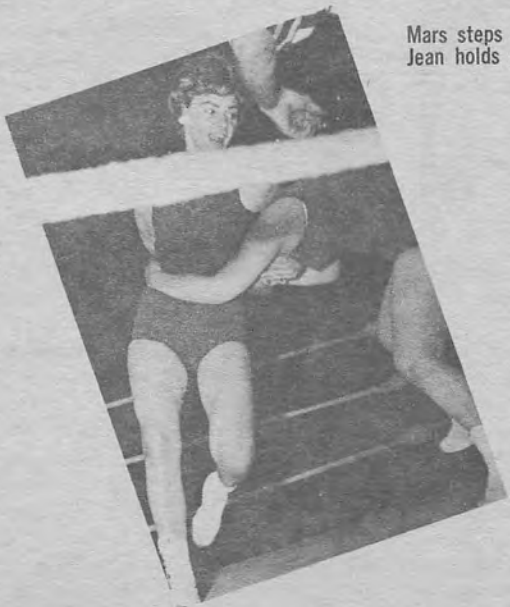




**CORNERED**, Jean is at mercy of Mars Monroe and Jessica.



**WHILE JESSICA** puts squeeze on Jean, referees come to rescue.



Mars steps out, while Jean holds on.



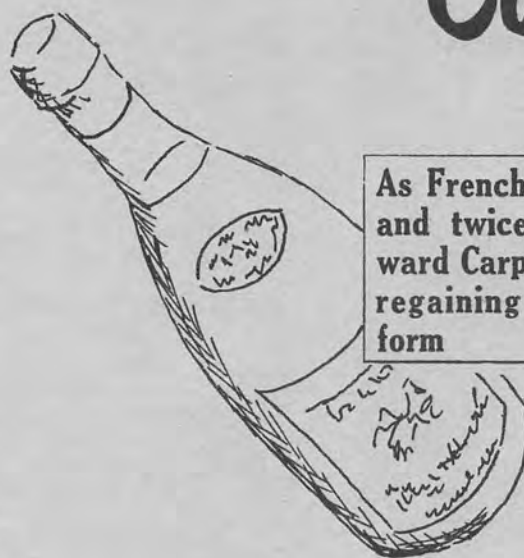
**OUTSIDE** ropes, Jessica gleefully goes to work on Jean's hairdo.

**ANN IS** saved from Jean's fate by prompt action of referees.



# A Combative-Acrobat

## Comes Back



By Bob Harding

**E**VER SEE a rhinoceros do a back somersault off a diving board? Didn't think so. Still, the closest thing to it, this side of pink elephants, is watching a fellow named Edward Carpentier perform in a ring.

Some people call this 34-year-old Frenchman a wrestler. They're dead wrong. Built like the Maginot Line but as light and bouncy on his feet as sparkling burgundy is in a glass, Carpentier can do more tricks in a ring than a good stunt man could do falling into a net from the top of the Eiffel Tower.

And you want to call this man a wrestler? *Sacré bleu.*

Even Carpentier qualifies his profession. "I am scientific," he says. "I do lots of somersaults, like acrobat."

As you see, he is a man of few words, at least English words. But he can make his point, both in and out of the ring. An acrobat he is, a combative-acrobat (ah, that's the term), who brings to wrestling the dynamic precision and intense dedication of a trained gymnast, plus the indomitable spirit of a Frenchman.

One cannot dismiss this latter fact when trying to understand Carpentier. He is many things; a professional athlete, an ex-Olympic gymnast, the nephew of one of boxing's most celebrated champions,



AS STRONG as the Maginot Line.

a teacher, an art dealer, a husband and a father. But most of all he's French. This is important.

Frenchmen, for one thing, are born wise. They seem to know more about life before they enter it than most of us know when we leave it. And what they don't know, they feel. But more important is that they not only know life, but they love it as well. Whether it's the water, or maybe the wine, is of no matter here. What concerns us is that Edward Carpentier is 225 pounds of Frenchman with a vibrant, zestful attitude toward his trade

and his times.

Perhaps the reason life is so exciting for Edward is that not long ago he came unavoidably close to losing it. It was one of those horrifying situations over which he had no control and it resulted in a near triple tragedy.

It seems an 18-year-old punk, with nothing better to do, swiped a car, cut out for a joy ride and picked up a patrol car for a rear guard. The chase started.

It ended abruptly with a shattering head-on collision with another car... Carpentier's car.

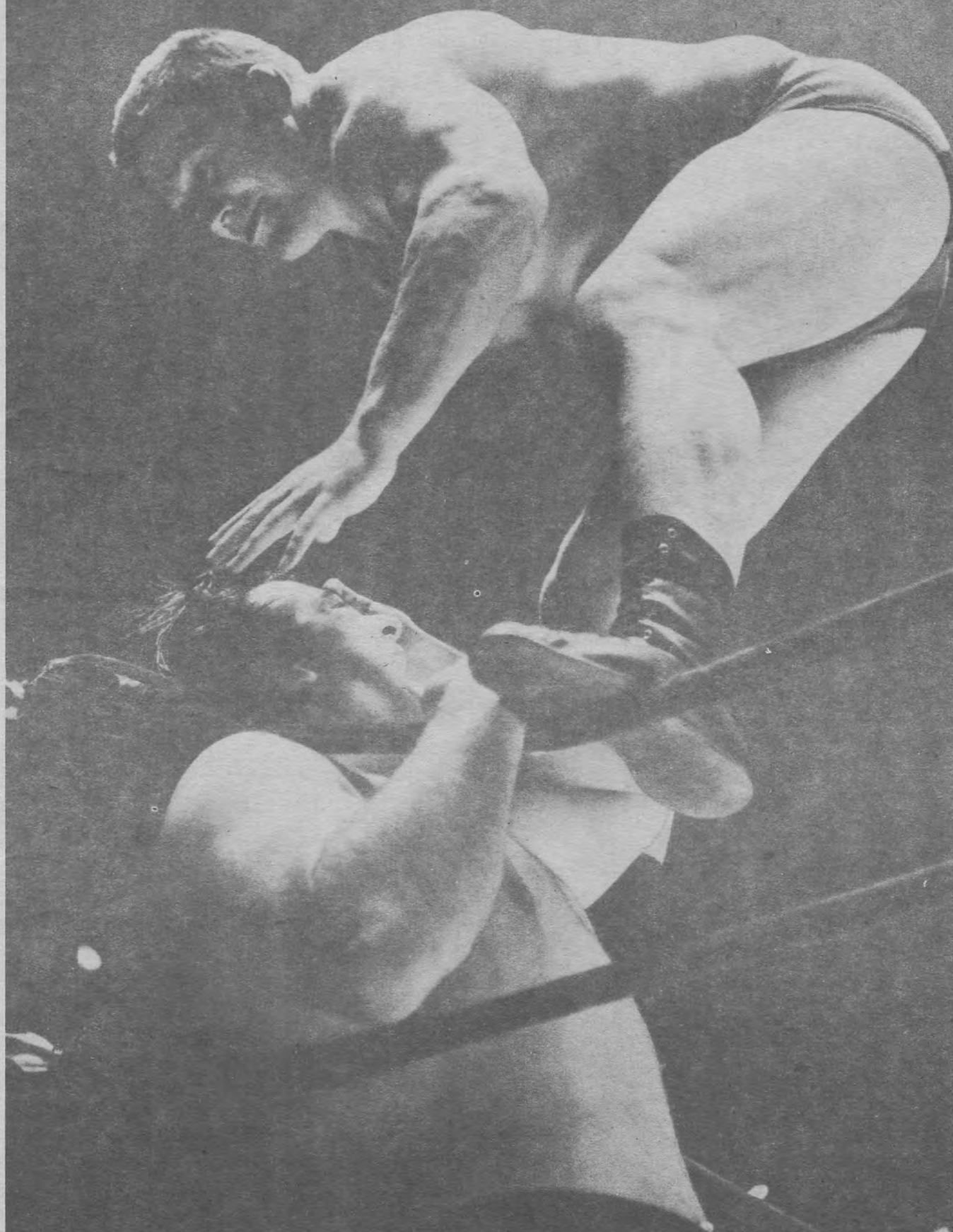
Out with a friend at 4:30 in the afternoon, Edward wasn't looking for anything more than a casual spin in the family car. Instead he found himself trying to dodge a ton of steel and stupidity, hurtling towards him at an estimated speed of 120 miles an hour. He wasn't up to it (who is?) and all three persons wound up in the hospital. Five months later, two were still there, but Carpentier wasn't one of them. He was in Madison Square Garden. What's more he was wrestling.

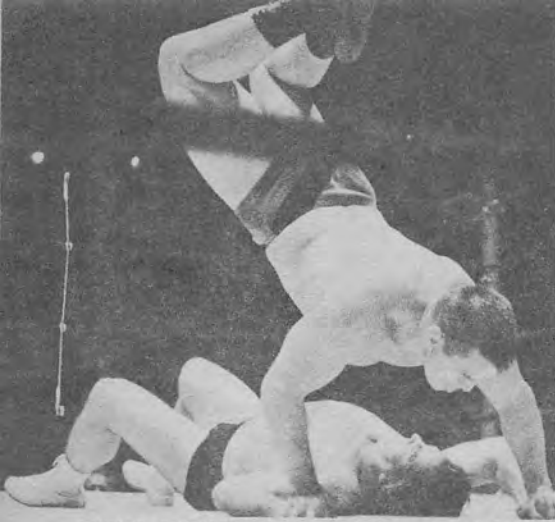
### THE CAREFUL(?) MAN

"I must be careful," he said. "I spent one month with a cast from here to here (waist to shoulders). My ribs, my bone here (pointing to his collarbone) and



A DAREDEVIL in the ring, Carpentier sets for backflip after stunning foe.





EDWARD POUNCES on the Magnificent Maurice.



A SMILE from an uncle (above) . . . and a grimace by a nephew (right).

elbow, they were broken. So I must be careful. This is only my third match since the accident."

So five minutes after entering the ring against a rough opponent, the Magnificent Maurice, where could one find this "careful" man? Where else? He was standing on the top of the ropes in one corner, and with one beautiful movement he flipped up and back, sailing well over the head of his bewildered opponent. Landing on his feet in the middle of the ring, he continued to maneuver in a fluid, graceful motion, rolling lightly onto his back, up on his shoulders and, with one jaunty kick, bounced back up on his feet ready for combat. It brought down the house! From there he went on to win with an equally spectacular pin.

"That's being careful?" he was asked.

"It is nothing," he said with a warm, appreciative smile. "But pretty soon I be in top shape, then you really see something."

"One gets the impression you are never out of shape," he was told.

"You are true," he said. "I work out three, four hours every day. I wrestle, I do gymnastics, a lot of trampoline work and, when I am home, I run three, four miles with my dog. It is German shepherd with Indian name, Moulouk, and he love to run. I have him now six years."

Home for Edward for the past seven years has been Montreal. Before that it was Paris and he loves both. His memories of the latter deal in large part with his famous uncle, boxing's Orchid Man, Georges Carpentier.

## As colorful as his famous uncle, Carpentier cheats death and continues to confuse opponents



THOUGH A spectacular performer, Edward masters basic holds, too.



Light-heavyweight champion for two years (1920-22), Carpentier participated in one of boxing's most lucrative box-office attractions when he met Jack Dempsey in a heavyweight title fight July 2, 1921 at Boyle's 30 Acres in Jersey City, N.J. More than 80,000 people were on hand with the gate receipts totaling \$1,789,238. Dempsey retained his title, knocking out Carpentier in four rounds. But the colorful Orchid Man had already

captured the imagination of the sports public and one defeat could not detract from a brilliant career which encompassed 106 professional fights.

"My uncle tried to make me a boxer," said Edward, "but I gave it up after one year. Too dangerous."

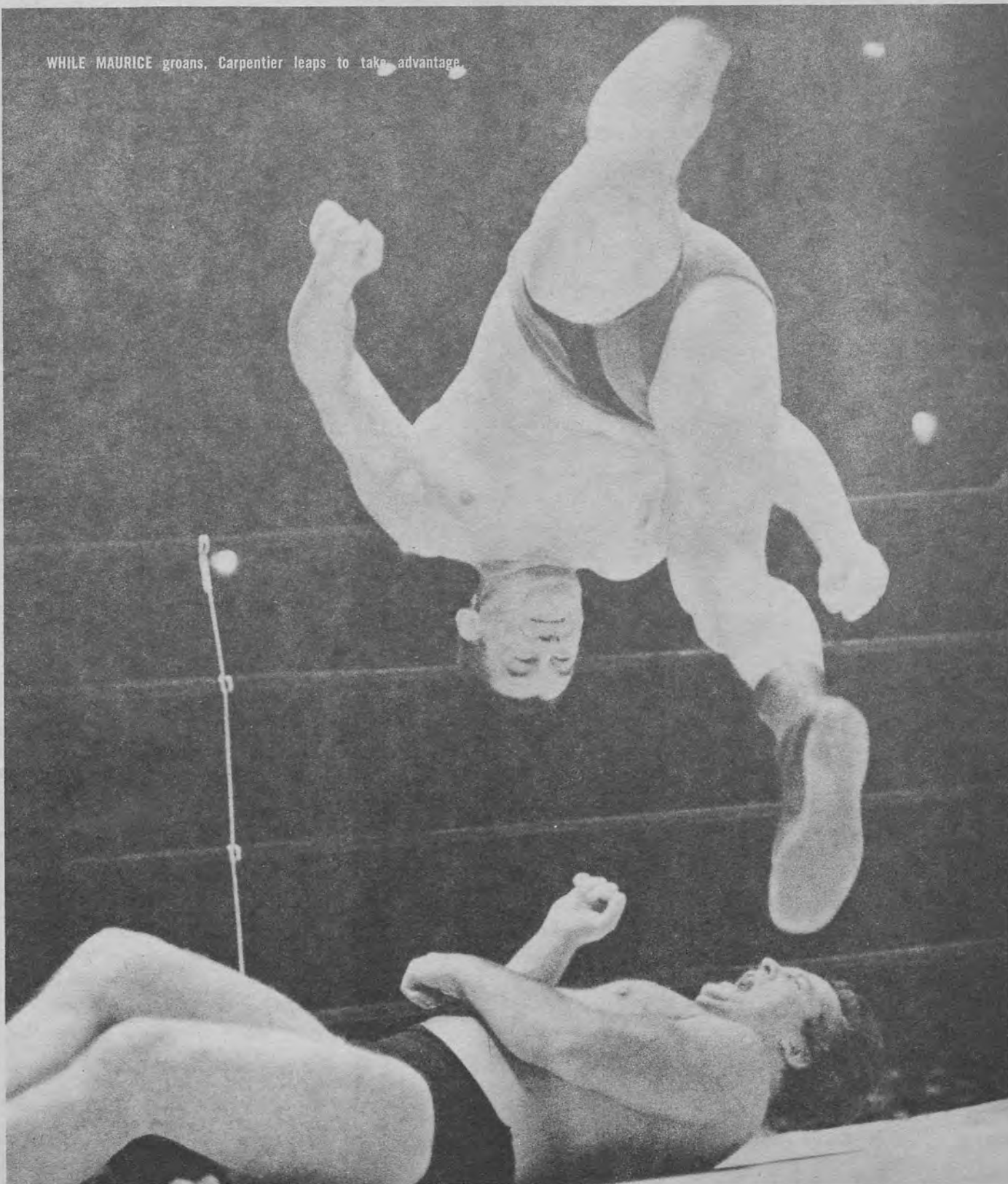
He was reminded that he'd stepped into the ring with some fairly dangerous men in his time, such as top man-maulers Lou Thesz and Buddy Rogers.

"Yes, but wrestling is different," he said in an earnest tone. "It is scientific and it is graceful. And wrestlers are careful about the head."

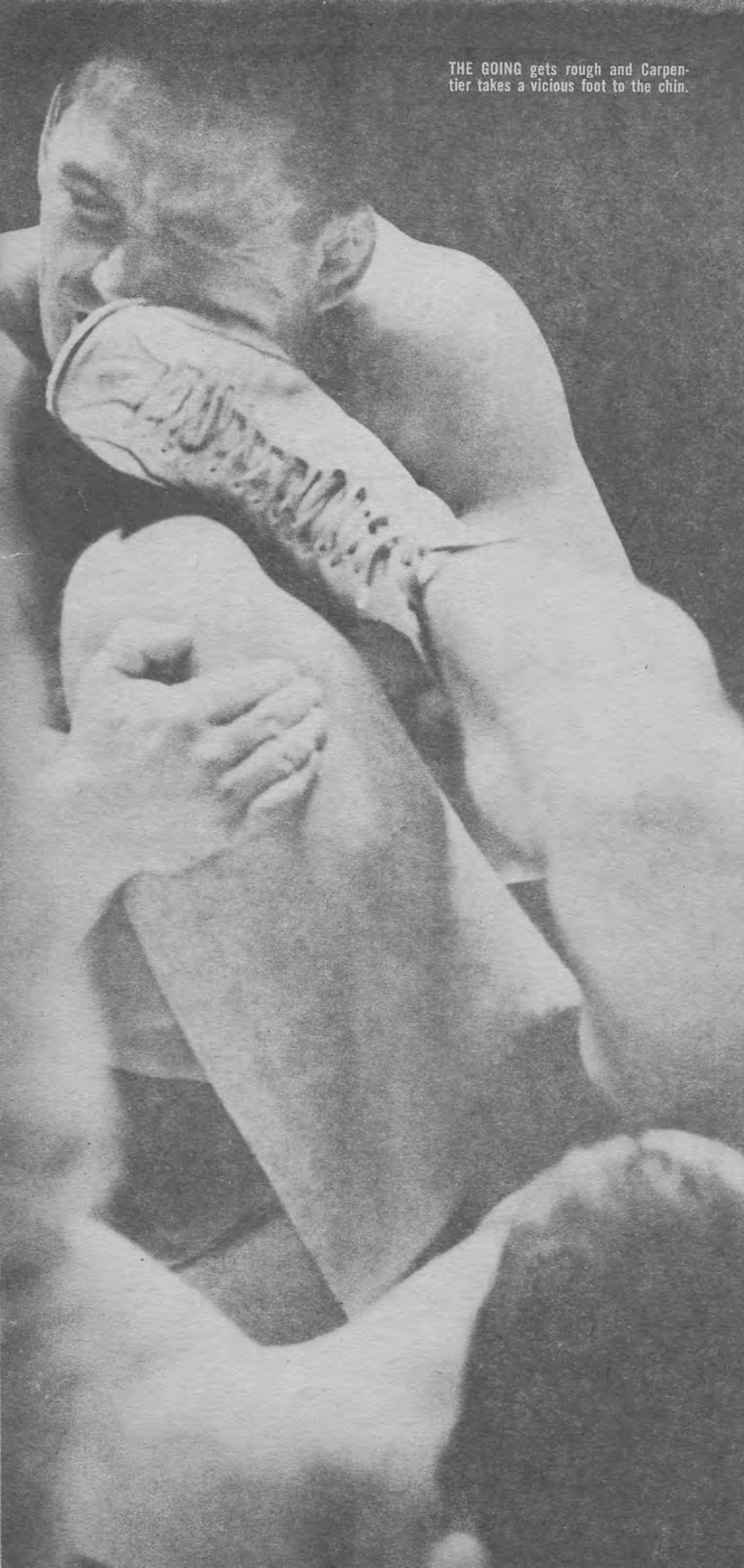
His interviewer looked doubtfully at Edward's neatly bobbed left ear.

"Is true," he said. "In boxing everything goes to the face. It's nothing but punch and more punch. The mind is hurt and in three years in boxing you are the same as dead."

WHILE MAURICE groans, Carpentier leaps to take advantage.



THE GOING gets rough and Carpenter takes a vicious foot to the chin.



EDWARD GETS even, and seems to enjoy it.

As for his uncle?

"He was a very good boxer," said Edward with a smile as sunny as a sidewalk cafe. "He did not like me to wrestle and I did not want to box. French boxing, yes, because that uses the feet and it is scientific. But not the other kind. I wanted to wrestle and after he saw me he did not mind. He could see that it was good sport."

#### MONEY IS GOOD

It's also a profitable sport for Edward. Or as he puts it: "I like the money, it is very good." He sees another five good years ahead for him in the pro game. Then it will be back to Montreal, where he has two main business interests; a wrestling and judo school and an art gallery.

"I like to work with children," he said. "It is good they know how to protect themselves, and I teach good wrestling, not the silly things you see sometimes in the ring. Wrestling is art and science and that's what I teach."

He's qualified to do it. Not only has he learned the basic fundamentals of his trade in nine years of professional wrestling, but he is a certified physical education instructor, as well as an excellent gymnast. Twice, both in 1948 and 1952, he represented France in the Olympic Games as a gymnast. One of his proudest moments in sports was helping his country finish third at Helsinki in 1948.



As for art, well, he explains that best. "I'm French," he said. "I grow up with this and it is part of me. It is also very good business.

"I have no rules for it. I just buy what I like and so far people like what I buy and they buy from me."

"What is it you like?" he was asked.

"Cezanne and Degas," he said.

"Sounds like a new tag team."

"Oh no," said Edward politely. "They are great painters. I no like modern painting because they are nothing but color. A painting, it is an investment, like a diamond. You never know when one day it will have great value. You buy it for years and years and what good is it if you don't understand it?"

"What makes you an expert?" came an impudent question.

"Like I said, I am French. I have a feeling for the business."

One couldn't help believing he did.

In addition to business, Edward is busy preparing his son Michael for the 1970 Olympics.

"He is an excellent diver," said Edward.

"He likes it and works hard and someday he will be a champion. Now he is only 14 but by 1970 he should be ready. I hope."

His own career depends a good deal on how long the Carpentier muscles can stand the strain of combative-acrobatics. Edward, however, is not overly concerned. He has great faith in his recuperative powers.

Once in Boston, while doing one of his patented back-flips from the top of the ropes, the top strand broke. Though he landed on his head and was out cold for five minutes, it was his kneecap which was broken. He came back from that one, and seems to have absolute faith that he can recover from anything.

"Once I am in a cast for my back," he said, "and the doctor says he must operate. I say 'no, take me home to Montreal.' They did and soon I was all right."

### ALL THE TIME, PRACTICE

It was pointed out that his particular kind of wrestling depended on precision timing and flawless execution and that a man handicapped by injuries could get seriously hurt

"That's right," he said, and for some reason he smiled. "It is precise and scientific. But I practice and practice some more. All the time, at home, and at the YMCA when I'm on trips. Everyday, practice, practice, practice."

Even the best, however, can be hurt when they work out on such potentially dangerous apparatus as the trampoline. The case of Brian Sternberg is a good, or rather tragic, example. A world record-holder in the pole vault, Sternberg was also one of this country's top performers on the trampoline. One day at practice he lost control doing a difficult maneuver and he came down hard on the framework. The result was almost total paralysis. Doctors today hold little hope for



GENTLE by nature, Edward can be aroused by combat. Here he moves in on a cringing Maurice.

any significant recovery.

"I read about this," said Edward. "It is too bad. He was fine athlete. But you never know in cases like this, he may come back. I have been paralyzed before (when he asked to be sent home) but I get better. I hope he will too."

Though not concerned in the least with ratings or standings, Edward ranks Lou Thesz as the best in the business. Beyond that he has no opinions, though he would like another match with Buddy Rogers. They've met twice before, Rogers winning in Chicago and Carpentier winning in Montreal. A third match he feels would be a top box-office attraction and would go, naturally enough, to Carpentier.

"I want to be sound," he said. "Then I think I can win again. But even if I don't, wrestling is interesting for me. Everytime I wrestle I learn something new."

No doubt wrestling fans do, too. When they first glimpse Carpentier in the ring the only thing colorful about him is his trunks. They are an eye-catching pair of

togs, diagonally-striped in colors of red, purple, green and black. Aside from that, he's just another wrestler, though at 5-10, perhaps shorter than most.

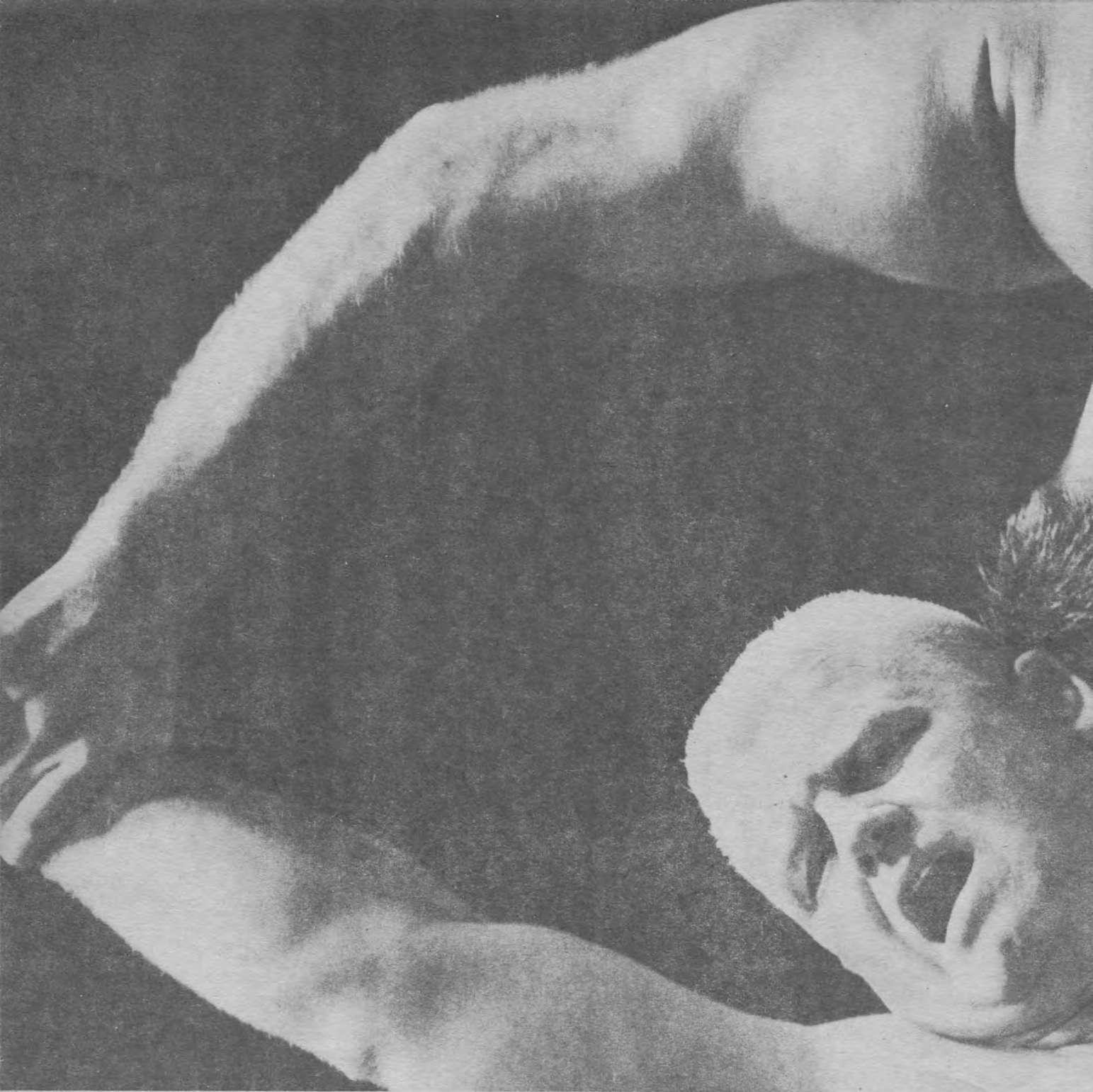
The tip-off is in his bearing. He moves confidently into the ring without pretense or bravado. His soft, close-cropped hair frames a powerful head. His shoulders have the typical muscular slope that comes with exceptional strength while his torso and legs are solid and sturdy. Still, if you are a wrestling fan, it is not an exceptional physique.

But then comes the bell and Carpentier springs into action. It's like the pop of a champagne cork!

What comes out is more than wrestling, more perhaps than combative-acrobatics. But whatever name it goes by, it's as rugged and disciplined as the Foreign Legion and yet as bright and exuberant as the Can-Can. And it is all French.

The average reaction to this dynamic display can be summed up in three words.

Vive la France!



# A Squawk From





# The Hawk



# One of Wrestling's Roughest Customers, Rip Hawk Proposes Five- Point Code of Conduct to Clean up the Sport

By Larry Brown

**R**IP HAWK is a wrestler who believes in strength...both on the mat and in his convictions. The chunky, crew-cut midwesterner, one of the shortest big-time matmen around today, regularly defies towering contemporaries with his compact muscularity and doesn't allow himself to be pushed around. Nor is he often budged conversationally from his solid views as to what is right and wrong in his profession.

In an interview before a recent tag-team appearance with his blond, look-alike partner, Swede Hanson, at New York's Sunnyside Garden, Hawk was asked: "Do you think showmanship is the most important thing in wrestling?"

His penetrating blue eyes flared. Obviously a sensitive point had been touched. "There's no substitute for talent," he snapped. "A man who doesn't know his business shouldn't be allowed to cover up. That's the trouble nowadays. We have too many actors and not enough wrestlers."

Hawk's gamut of experience has taken him from tiny halls to giant arenas, and he is convinced the public isn't kidded by the prevalence of tricks.

"That's how trouble with fans happens," he went on. "They pay to see skill and stamina. When they get something else thrown at them, they resent it. And before long there's a riot brewing."

Hawk feels the remedy rests with the men in the ring—and he includes the referee only as a secondary figure.

"There has to be a voluntary sense of responsibility on the part of the wrestlers," he explains. "They must realize they get back from the fans only the respect or disrespect they create."

A self-declared code of proper conduct is Hawk's long-nurtured dream for all pro wrestlers. He has in mind five planks in a platform which could put the pastime on a higher plane.

These points are:

1. Complete elimination of gouging.
2. A blanket ban on biting.
3. No foreign objects, such as tight strings, paper cups, etc., to be permitted in the ring.
4. Refraining from gestures in bad taste.
5. A clampdown on kicking with the point of the shoe.

He continued: "Now I expect somebody will tell me these already are covered by existing rules of different commissions. Sure, but we should have our own rules. And, when these become accepted by all



RIP DISCUSSES code of conduct with announcer Lonny Starr, as Swede Hanson listens.



THE HAWK goes to work on Jesse James.

wrestlers, we'll have to answer to each other, not to a finger-waving referee or some commissioner yelling from the sidelines."

Hawk challenges anybody to say that he hasn't already set an example of what is embodied in his plan for the self-policing of wrestling.

"Frankly, I don't know any other way to conduct myself," he said. "It has been my good fortune to learn the sport under people who knew the game and who kept it clean wherever they went."

A tight-lipped smile broke over his face. "Don't misunderstand. I'm rough. I'll dish it out till the cows come home"—this was the farmer coming out in him, more of which later—"but I demand decent treatment and I wouldn't deserve it if I didn't give it to others."

## AN END TO ROMANCE

It is his contention that a wrestling figure who is in the limelight day-in and day-out inevitably shortens his romance with the public if he cheapens his image.

"And I'd like to add another five years to the 10 I've been around," he pointed out. "I believe I have kept the good will of most fans and promoters."

Hawk has earned this primarily, it would seem, with his insistence on maintaining himself in peak condition at all times, as well as his concern for the sport. He can't recall any lengthy layoffs due to illness or injury, though he was once out for a few days with a sprained ankle.

Wherever he and his sidekick Hanson go on tour, they seek out a gym and work out three afternoons a week. They stick to this schedule even if it means working out on the day of a match.

Their favorite extra-curricular exercise is handball. "The twisting, the turning, is all good for muscle flexibility," Rip reported. "And all the running around the court, that keeps your legs strong."

There are legends that wrestlers on the road are toasts of the town, with champagne parties and attractive girls awaiting them at each new stop.

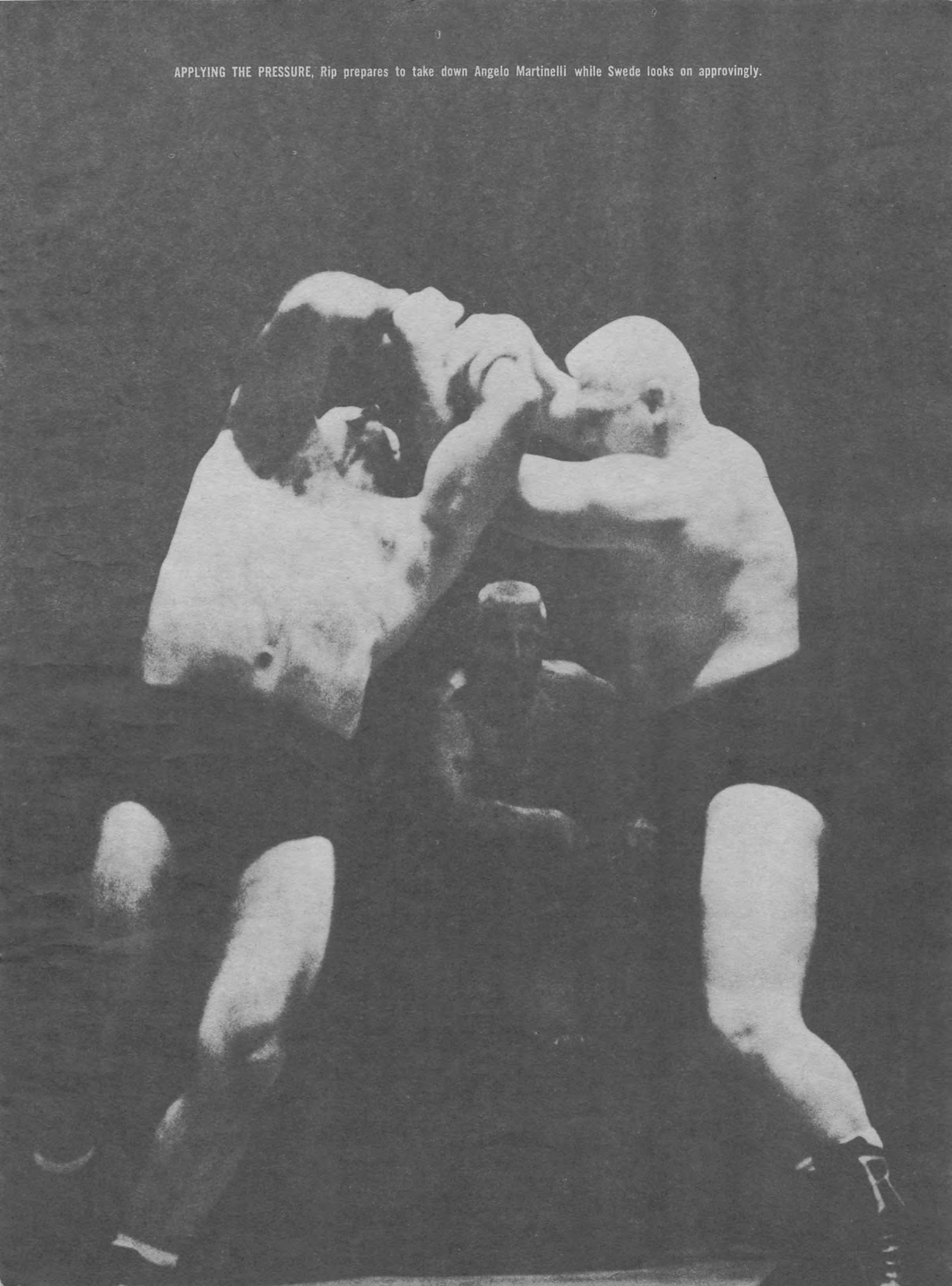
There has been none of this for Hawk. For one reason, it's doubtful if his wife Eleanor would enjoy it. "The family"—Eleanor and their son, Craig, 5—goes along with Dad on his tours. "Ever since I got married," he related, "we've traveled together. I like it that way."

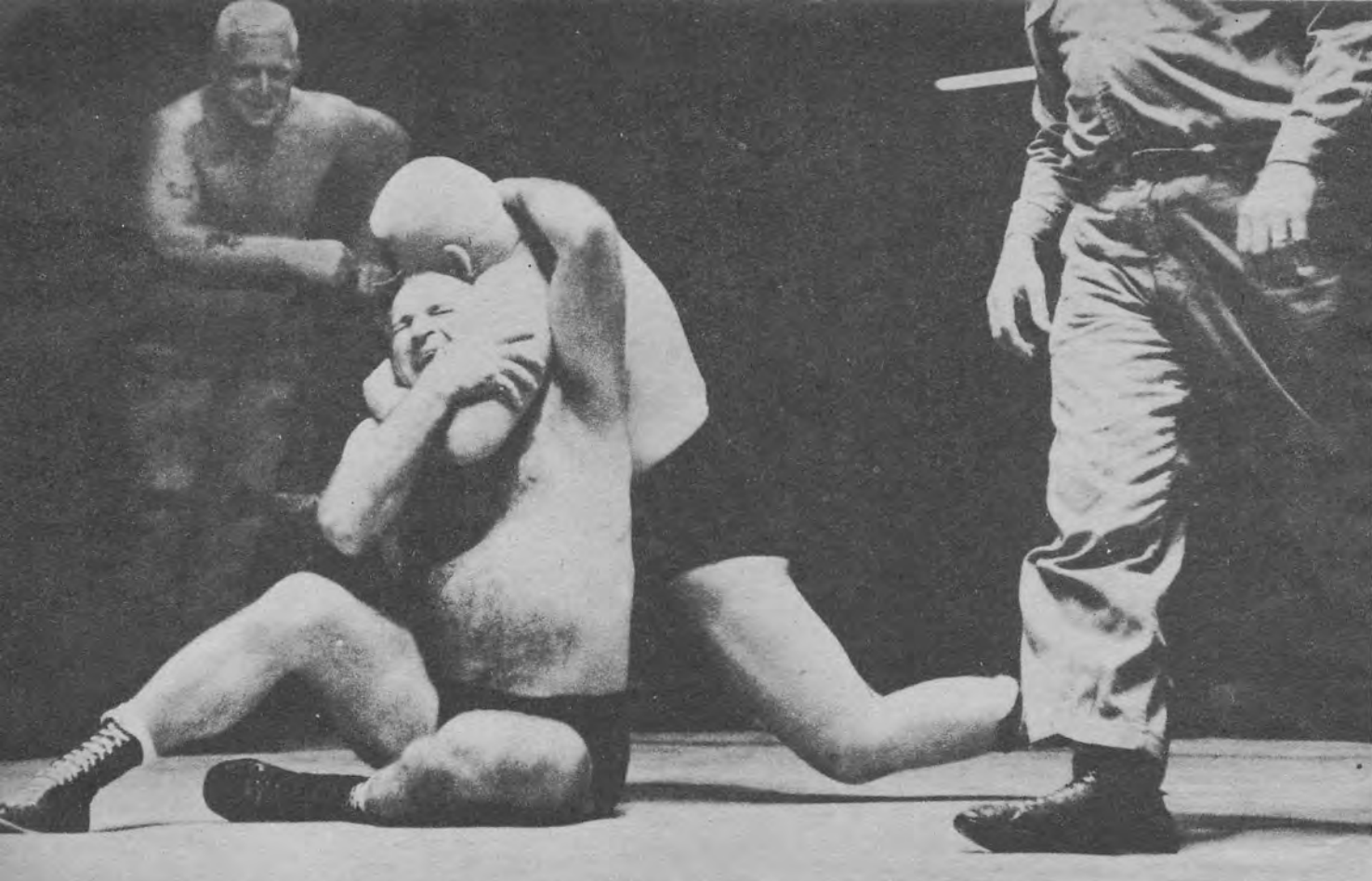
This plain-Joe outlook carries over into his personal appearance. He wears simple clothes, preferably sport shirts and no tie, unless, of course, it is a compulsory dress-up affair.

Rip positively refuses to adorn himself in the manner of the various peacocks who strut America's mats. He has rejected gifts of sequined jackets. He adheres to a plain corduroy outer garment decorated only with small initials. Tattooing? He hates it. He hasn't an inch of it on his body. And superstitions? "They can't help you. If a wrestler is in shape, he'll be good. If he isn't, he'll be terrible."



APPLYING THE PRESSURE, Rip prepares to take down Angelo Martinelli while Swede looks on approvingly.





NEVER ONE to shy from violence, Rip dishes out punishment as Martinelli grimaces from pain, and Swede chuckles.

**LACKING HEIGHT,**  
**THE HAWK SPECIALIZES**  
**IN A SHOCK ATTACK,**  
**HITTING HARD**  
**AND FAST**

#### A MILLION CHORES

The no-nonsense philosophy of this man had its roots in his boyhood at his grandfather's country homestead near Waterloo, Indiana, not far from Fort Wayne.

"I lived there until I was 10," he recounted, "and I can't remember a time when I didn't have something to do. There were pigs and cows to feed and a million other chores."

Hawk's father was a professional ball player, a pitcher with the Toledo Mud Hens of the American Association when Casey Stengel was the manager. A chipped elbow ended his playing career and he later became a major league scout.

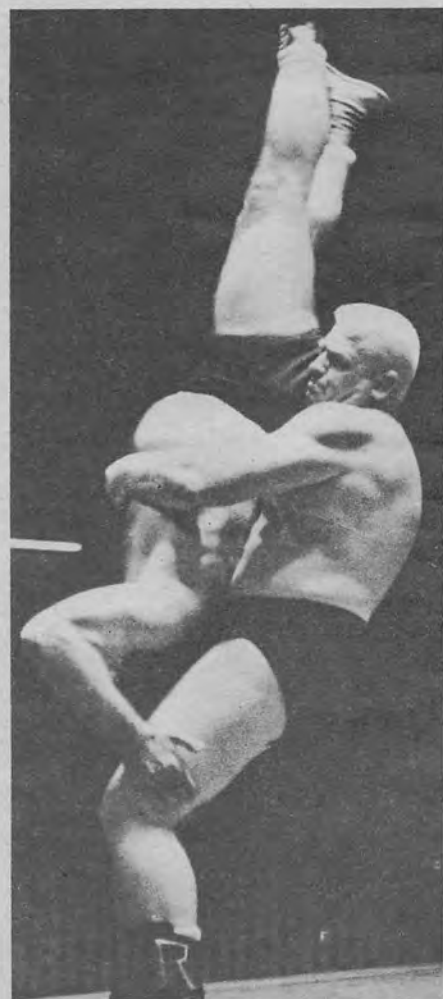
Rip was a stocky youngster and, when he went to high school in Evansville, weighed 175 pounds and was 5-9½ in height, his approximate size today.

"I played football, as a halfback and I wrestled for the school," he said. "I wasn't great at either but I had no ambitions to be a pro in either sport. I wanted to be a construction engineer."

After finishing high school, he went to the University of New Mexico. "They got me started playing football again, and, believe it or not, I was a tackle... at 175 pounds! You can guess the university was no football powerhouse."

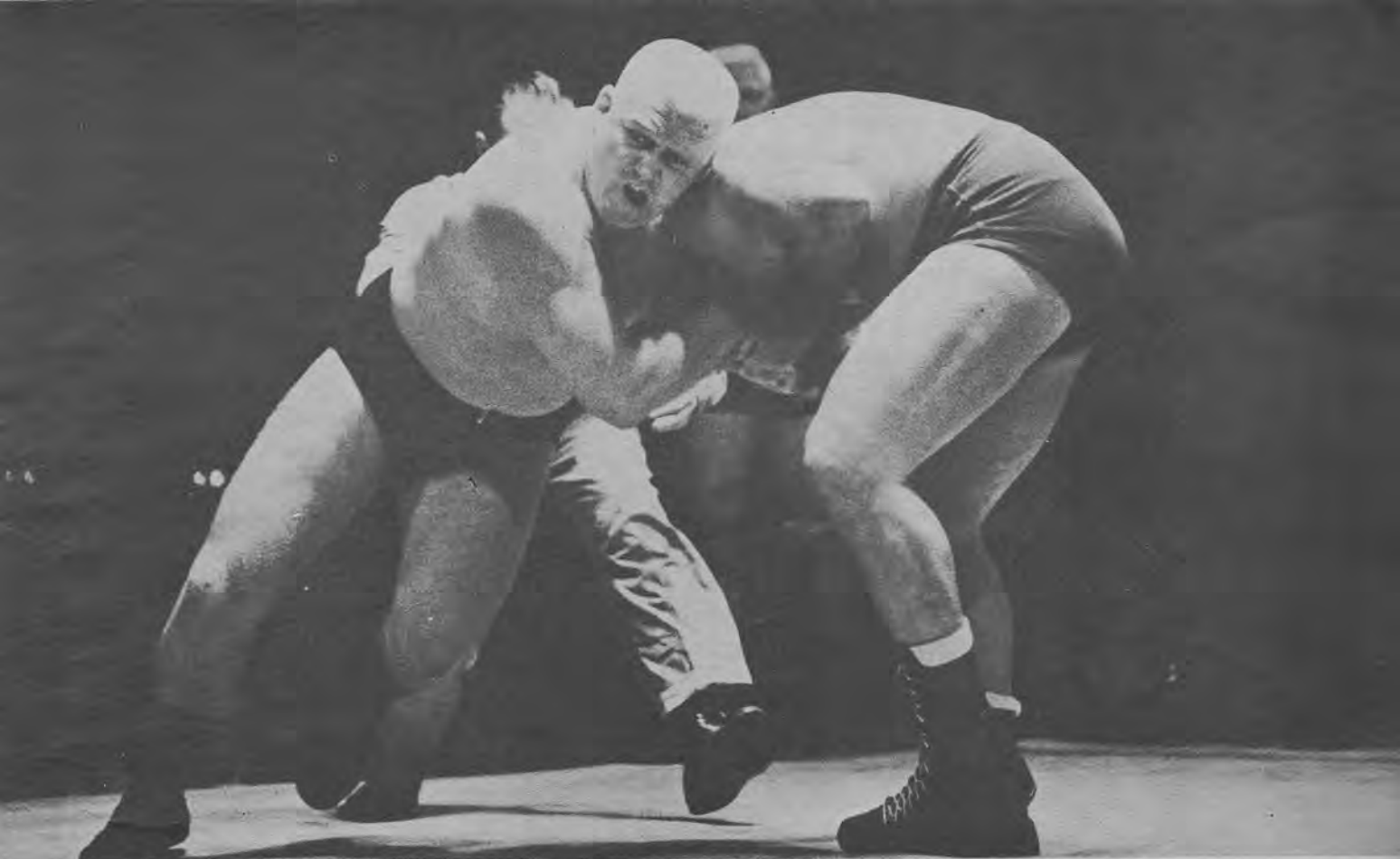
In two years there he discovered he had little knack for engineering. "I was lousy on the draft board and atrocious in math," he admitted. "So what did I do? I just didn't go back for my junior year."

Without any purpose other than locat-



SHORT but strong, Rip hoists Martinelli.





**DYNAMIC** IN his attack, Rip latches on to Jesse James with a lightning move and prepares to score a swift takedown.

ing a job, he came east to Chicago. If he had found one promptly, it is probable he would never have become a wrestler. But he began frequenting a gym on Chicago's South Side, operated by an old-time wrestler, Carl Pojello.

Pojello took to him. "You're quick," Carl said. "I've got a name for you... Hawk. You'll learn fast; you're a natural for a small-man wrestler."

Rip—that part of his name had come in high school, where they'd called him Ripper—now thinks that Pojello was over-kind. "I really was a novice. I had my first match in Racine, Wisconsin, or maybe it was Beloit, and I won it. So I went into a match in Chicago at Madison Arena, figuring I was hot stuff. But I met Rudy Kay and he kicked the hell out of me."

The lessons of hard experience sunk in, he noted, and "after a year of it, I wasn't a bad newcomer."

In 1951, however, when he was 21, he was tapped by Uncle Sam for service in the Marines. He boot-trained at Parris Island.

"You know that had to be rugged," he said, "but they kept telling us we'd get leave soon as we finished. We got five days off, but by this time we had our orders to go to Korea with the First Division."

In keeping with his character, Hawk obviously had the ruggedness and self-discipline to satisfy his leatherneck superiors. He soon was promoted to corporal, then sergeant. After a tour in Korea, he was shipped back to Camp Le Jeune where

he was put into Special Services as a coach and "promoter" of wrestling shows for the men.

#### START OF SOMETHING BIG

In January 1954, exactly three years after signing up, he was discharged by the Marines. Now his ambitions for a pro mat career really took shape.

"I joined up with Gus Karris, who was running shows out of St. Joseph, Mo.," he reported. "And this led me to other territories. Later I settled down to wrestling in St. Louis where Bill Longson and Bobby Bruns were in charge."

And St. Louis, according to Rip, made him what he is today.

"I say Kiel Auditorium is the wrestling capital of America. The shows are the best run; there's more real wrestling and less phoney stuff. It runs off on the customers too. They behave themselves. If wrestling in other cities were run as Longson and Bruns run it, it would be a great business for everybody concerned."

Prior to the St. Louis exposure, he indicated, his style had been adequate but not exceptional. At Kiel the rough spots were bevelled off, refinements added. An entire academy of knowledge was opened to him, and it required the study and practice of such things as holds to achieve a purpose; counter-holds for breaking loose; traps for the over-aggressive opponent, and quick moves to forestall traps. Then came specialization in more complicated maneuvers, like left-side traps to take a man down to the other side and vice versa.

In this hard school, Hawk developed tactics which enabled him to overcome the fact that his frame lacked the height and reach with which most of his rivals were gifted.

"I learned I couldn't play a waiting game," he stated. "If I did, I would be at the mercy of the big guys. I mastered the knack of hitting early and hitting hard. It's sort of a shock deal; you get them off balance by the rush."

Short-armed, Hawk needed holds that could establish maximum pressure and maintain it against the resistant, long-armed strength of his foes.

Rip presently is well-known for his Boston Crab, which makes best use of his assets. It is performed as follows: He leaps onto a fallen opponent, his back to the man's face, and, with the opponent's legs in his grip, goes to work. He bends the victim's legs into a crab position and constantly increases the pressure.

Some states, aware of the potential danger in the hold, do not permit him to use it.

He also favors a back-buster. This is started with a wrist-lock. From there he hoists his man into an upside down position. The final step is a throw over the head which lands his man on his back.

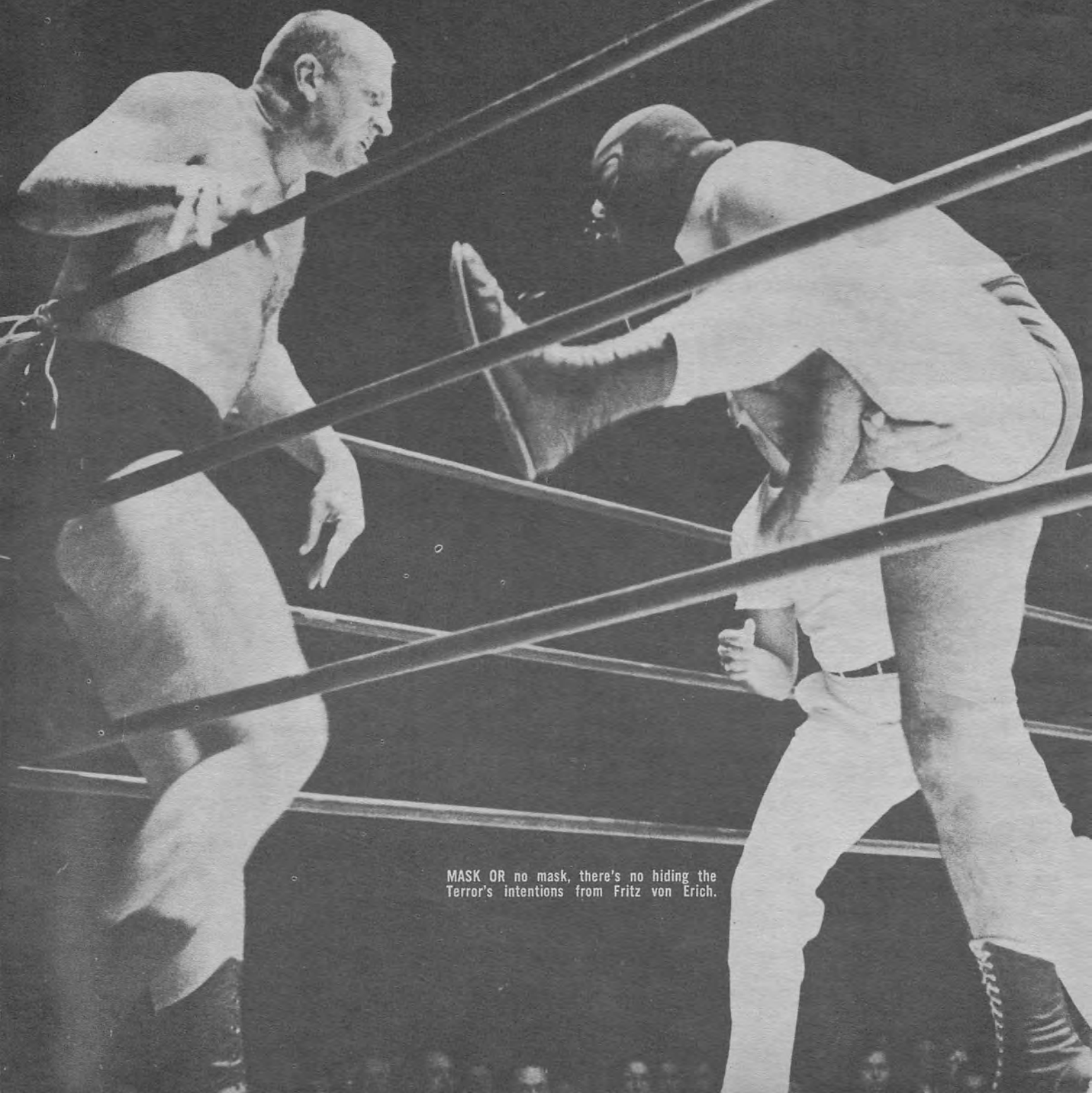
Hawk further is noted for a spinning toe hold.

But whatever punishment he dishes out, he stressed, it's all within the limits of long-standing, catch-as-catch-can principles.

"I don't think there's very much that's  
*continued on page 77*

**NEW TEAM IN TOWN**

# The Mask and The Mouth



**MASK OR** no mask, there's no hiding the  
Terror's intentions from Fritz von Erich.

# THERE'S NO NEED FOR THE MASKED TERROR TO TALK, TEMPESTUOUS TONY ANGELO DOES IT FOR HIM

By Nat Broudy

**T**HE Masked Terror won't talk. But, with Tony Angelo around, he doesn't need to.

"The Masked Terror is the greatest wrestler in the world," Angelo proclaims. "No, make that the greatest wrestler who ever lived. He is the perfect athlete. He is big, powerful, graceful, brave, smart and experienced. And he's got the greatest manager in the world—me."

Angelo himself is built like a brick smokehouse, though maybe roundhouse would be a better word. He stands 5-9, weighs 300 pounds and is a journeyman wrestler, proud of his stands against such notable mat men as Lou Thesz, Buddy Rogers, Pat O'Connor, Argentina Rocca and others.

He is also one of the most boastful men in his profession; indeed, some unkind observers have said he is all mouth, but then loud mouths are commonplace, in wrestling. Angelo, however is different in one respect—he never brags about himself. All he wants to do is talk about The Masked Terror. To hear Angelo tell it, his boy is the newest and greatest wonder of the world.

When he arrives in a new town, Angelo goes right to work on the natives with announcements such as this:

"The Masked Terror, the world's best wrestler, has condescended to visit your city to demonstrate his fabulous powers. While he is here, I demand that everyone treat him with the respect and dignity which he deserves."

"We have been very annoyed to hear some uncouth patrons booing and jeering at The Masked Terror. This must stop at once! I have served notice on everyone connected with the wrestling matches here—the promoter, the newspapers, the radio and television announcers, the patrons, everyone—that we will not tolerate any further show of disrespect."

"Patrons may applaud him, and cheer for him, but please do not make unnecessary noise when he is attempting to communicate with me during a match. This displeases him. We don't have to appear in this city, for The Masked Terror is in demand all over the world. We are bestowing a special favor upon the populace by appearing here. We insist that you

GENTLENESS is not one of the Terror's traits as Fritz finds out.





THE TERROR turns on the pressure, and it's Fritz who needs a mask.



## WHEN TROUBLE TRAPS THE TERROR, TONY TAKES A HAND . . . AND SOMETIMES A FIST

show your humble appreciation, or we will go elsewhere."

In short, Angelo makes lots of friends . . . for The Masked Terror's opponent.

The Masked Terror may not be as good as Angelo says he is, but he is good enough. He ranks with the top wrestlers of the day, and further proof of his ability is that he has never been unmasked.

The Terror has agreed that he will remove his mask the first time he is defeated in fair combat. He has lost a few times on technicalities, but nobody has ever pinned him since he burst upon the mat world less than a year ago. This in itself is remarkable, because he is a popular performer. He wrestles at least three times a week, and sometimes five, but the mask has stayed on. His identity is still a mystery.

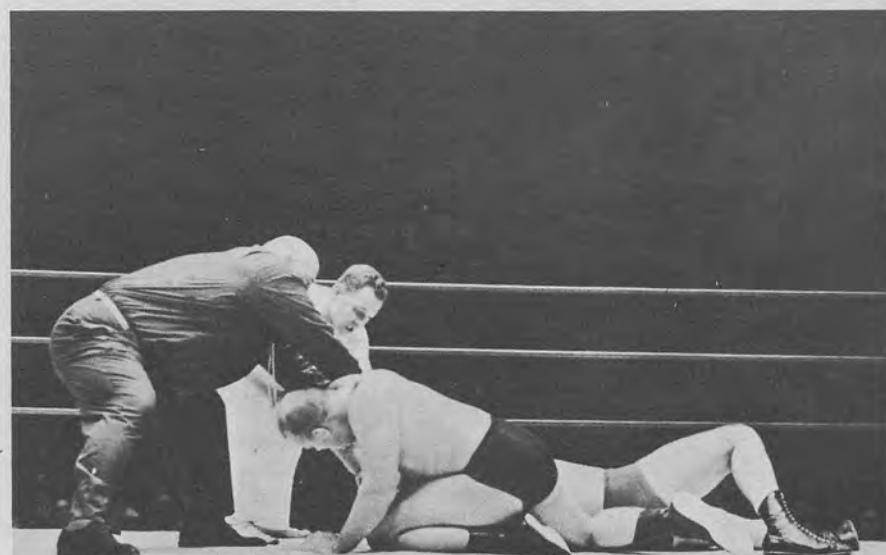
This is no small triumph for The Masked Terror because many grapplers have elected to forget about trying to best him. They have decided to rip off the mask instead, a choice which has sometimes forced him to furious activity to keep his face-covering intact.

### FOR FOES, A FIST

In such cases, however, Angelo comes in handy. He's a do-it-yourself type of manager. When his protégé is in trouble through no fault of his own—and, no matter what happens to The Terror, Angelo figures the fault is always someone else's—the 300-pound manager is likely to climb into the ring and give his boy a hand. The fist he saves for the opposition.

Angelo has assaulted referees, officials and a good number of The Terror's opponents. He charges like an enraged rhinoceros, which he somewhat resembles, and most of The Terror's defeats can be charged to the zeal of his manager. When Angelo comes in and takes a poke at a referee, the latter is apt to disqualify The Terror. This is one of the hazards of his job, in Angelo's view.

"The Masked Terror is the most valuable chunk of athlete in the world," Angelo declares. "I'm there to see that he gets a fair shake, even if I have to take on the referee, the promoter and all the fans. I don't care if the writers, pro-



WHEN TONY comes to the Terror's aid, he's seldom welcome by the opposition. Von Erich charges him at top and throws him in middle photo. But Tony comes back in.



A GIANT of a man, the Masked Terror tosses Von Erich with little difficulty.

motors and the spectators don't like me. I'm not in a popularity contest. My job is to help The Terror, and that's what I do."

There are times when Angelo feels that all the world is against him.

"A wrestler knows a great mat artist when he sees one," explains Angelo. "That is why everybody is always trying to take my Terror down. Every wrestler, from big-name headliners to the little-known preliminary boys, knows that The Terror is the greatest wrestler on earth. So they want to make a reputation for themselves by beating him, and they don't care how they do it.

"Take even fellows like Lou Thesz or Argentina Rocca. They're good. I admit it. But they're not as good as The Terror. They know this, and it bugs them. I'll bet they sit up nights trying to figure some way of beating The Terror. Well, they're wasting their time. Nobody's going to beat him. In his own good time, he will retire as the undefeated champion of the world. And nobody will ever know who he really is.

"This has never happened before. Other wrestlers have covered their faces and dared anyone to try to unmask them, but sooner or later they have come up against somebody who is too good for them. This will never happen to The Terror. He and I are the only people who really know his identity, and we aren't talking."

#### MONEY IN THE BACKGROUND

Angelo guards The Terror from the press, lest he inadvertently make a slip that will tell his listeners who he is. Angelo acts as his wrestler's press representative, in addition to serving as his business manager, ring strategist and confidant. Here is Angelo's background description of The Terror:

He is a young man, still in his twenties. He stands 6-4½ and weighs 283 pounds. He is the scion of a wealthy, aristocratic family, and his parents are most unhappy about his present employment. In order not to antagonize or embarrass his parents, the giant grappler decided to conceal his identity under a mask.

He has his reasons, according to Angelo. In the first place, he does not want to hurt his family and the disclosure of his identity would pain them immeasurably. Then, too, he is likely to come into a big inheritance some day and he doesn't want to do anything that will get him cut out of his parents' will.

Under the circumstances, isn't he taking a big chance by wrestling at all? What will happen if he is unmasked? When the question was put to Angelo he merely scowled.

"I guess you don't get the message," Angelo sneered. "He isn't going to be unmasked, because he is the greatest. There isn't a wrestler anywhere on earth today who is big enough to take that mask off."

According to his manager, The Terror's parents wanted him to study law, and he obeyed. He was a brilliant student, so the story goes, but he much preferred sports.

*continued on page 78*



# OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATES THE BEST FROM THE TOP DOWN

- 1 Lou Thesz
- 2 Verne Gagne
- 3 Bruno Sammartino
- 4 Bearcat Wright
- 5 Ray Stevens
- 6 Eddie Graham
- 7 Dick The Bruiser
- 8 Antonino Rocca
- 9 Fred Blassie
- 10 The Destroyer

- 11 Wilbur Snyder
- 12 Pepper Gomez
- 13 Killer Kowalski
- 14 Pat O'Connor
- 15 Bob Ellis
- 16 Dick Hutton
- 17 Edward Carpentier
- 18 Crusher Lisowski
- 19 Bill Miller
- 20 Fritz Von Erich

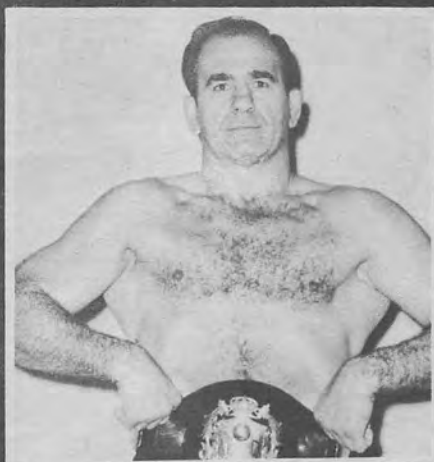


Kangaroos And Friend



Verne Gagne

## WORLD



Lou Thesz



Bearcat Wright

## Women

- 1 June Byers
- 2 Fabulous Moolah
- 3 Judy Glover
- 4 Penny Banner
- 5 Judy Grable
- 6 Jessica Rogers
- 7 Kathy Starr
- 8 Karen Kellogg
- 9 Ann Casey
- 10 Rita Cortez

## Tag Team

- 1 The Kangaroos
- 2 The Von Brauners
- 3 The Neilsons
- 4 The Masked Medics
- 5 The Tolos Brothers
- 6 The Hillbillies
- 7 The Kalmikoffs
- 8 The Dalton Boys
- 9 Murphy-Bernard
- 10 The Kentuckians

# **Gritty Gentleman from the Gridiron**

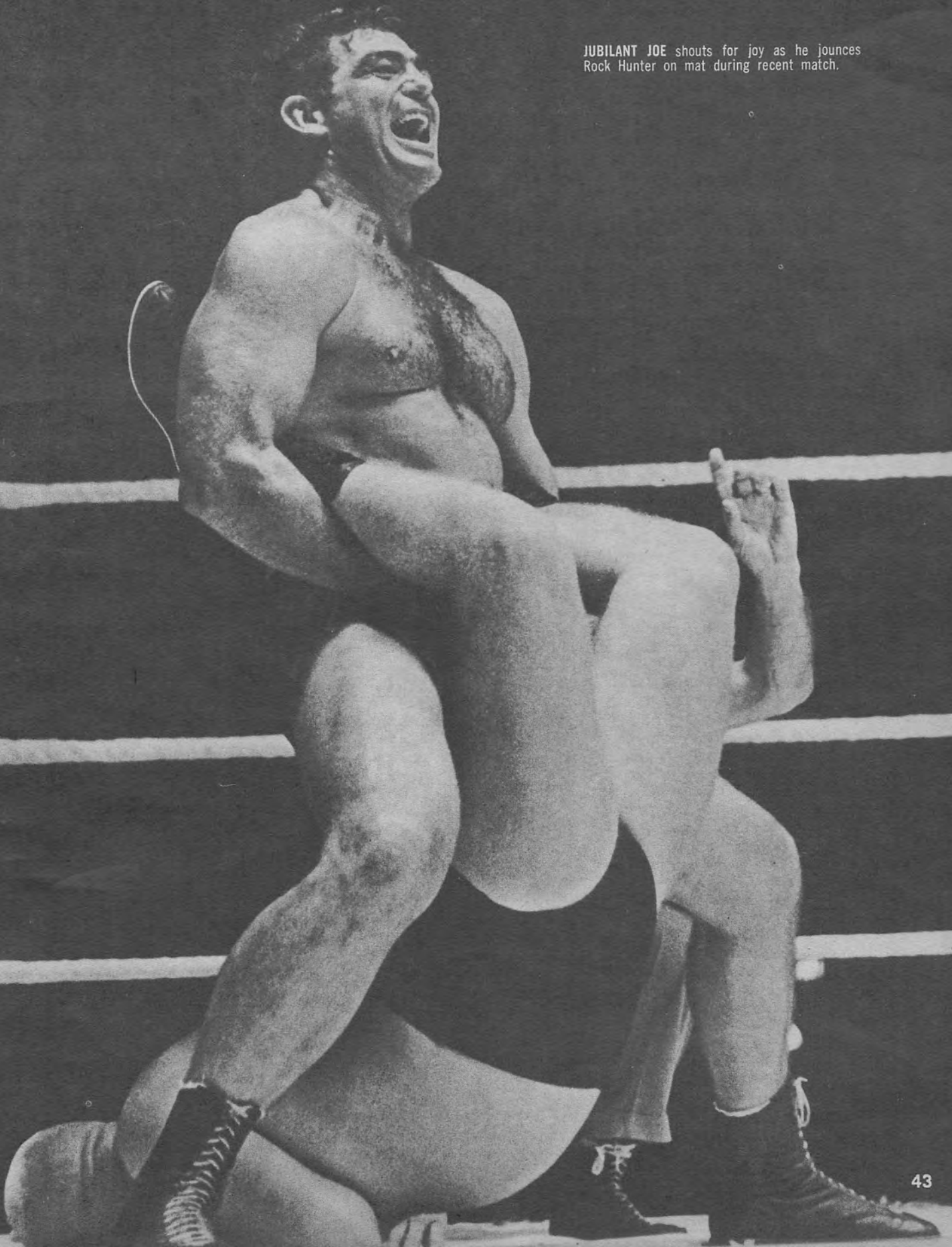


**JOE BLANCHARD**

By John J. Archibald

**TOUGHENED ON THE FOOTBALL FIELDS OF  
TWO NATIONS, THIS BULL-SHOULDERED  
OKLAHOMAN MEETS, AND DEFEATS WRES-  
TLING'S FINEST**

JUBILANT JOE shouts for joy as he jounces  
Rock Hunter on mat during recent match.





## WHEN THE GOING GETS DIRTY, BLANCHARD CAN DISH IT OUT WITH THE BEST

**W**HEN Joe Blanchard hits an opponent with a flying tackle, the poor guy can rest assured that he has been battered by an expert at this particular trick. Blanchard has been tackling people since he was knee high to a hip pad.

Blanchard, a good-looking 232-pounder, is one of the most popular wrestlers now on the professional circuit. The fans usually pull for him because of his exciting style, his aggressiveness and his basic good sportsmanship.

This doesn't mean Blanchard is so much of a gentleman that he can't take care of himself against the likes of a Rip Hawk or a Buddy Rogers. When the going gets dirty, Blanchard can dish it out. He even has been known to overdo it at times, at least in the eyes of the referee, and the bull-shouldered former Oklahoman has had his share of arguments with ring officials.

Blanchard got tough by playing football. Followers of the Big Eight Conference may recall him as the captain of the Kansas State gridiron squad in 1949. Those were lean days for the Wildcats, but opponents had trouble going through at least one side of the Kansas State line—the one where Blanchard planted himself.

"You had to be tough to last out a season at Kansas State," Blanchard recalls. "The school was, and still is, a poor cousin to Kansas University when it comes to football. It's an unfortunate situation. When a kid in that state tells his parents he wants to play football for Kansas State, instead of Kansas U., they usually figure he has been dumped on his head once too often."

Blanchard massaged old bumps and bruises as he talked about his college days in Manhattan-Kansas, that is.

"In some states football is a way of life," said Joe, "but at Kansas State in those days it was about as good a way as any of ending your life. Undermanned? Why, we couldn't afford to have a water boy. Any kid who was strong enough to lug two buckets across the field couldn't be wasted. We'd slap a uniform on him and put him to work. If he couldn't play, at least he'd make our skimpy bench look a little better."

### FARM BOYS ARE RUGGED

Blanchard was born in Haskell, Okla. Farm boys in that part of the country are invariably rugged, and Joe was a natural for the football team when his family moved to Parsons, Kan. He also developed an interest in wrestling while in high school, and he soon became one of the best matmen in the state.

These double abilities made Blanchard especially attractive to the coaches at Kansas State, and that school's emphasis on wrestling (well, it's nice to be high in the conference standings in something) helped persuade Joe to accept an athletic scholarship with the Wildcats.

The two-sport combination worked out well for Blanchard.

"I'd advise any boy who is football-minded to take up wrestling, at least as a hobby," said Joe. "Wrestling, of course, toughens you up and teaches you how to fall without getting hurt. The knocks you get on the gridiron don't seem like much if you are accustomed to getting thrown around in a ring."

"More important, though, is the muscle development that is a necessary part of both sports. If you are a lineman, the powerful neck muscles that you get from wrestling come in mighty handy when some big ox on the other side of the line is trying to move you out of the way."



JOE TWISTS, while Stan Stasiak wiggles.

Blanchard was listed at 200 pounds or better for football at Kansas State, but he trimmed to 195 for wrestling. In 1949 he was captain of the Wildcat football team, and that same school year he helped his school win the Big Eight wrestling title.

One of his college wrestling opponents was Leo Nomellini, then a football star at Minnesota and now a pro wrestler, as well as a member of the San Francisco Forty-Niners. Blanchard was beaten in the national college championships by Dick Hutton of Oklahoma A. & M. (now Oklahoma State), who also went on to become a fine professional in the ring.

After college Blanchard decided to give pro football a try. The Edmonton Eskimos of the Canadian League signed him after a trial and Blanchard put in three rugged years north of the border.

"Whenever I start thinking this wrestling grind is hard, I just remind myself of my days with the Eskimos," Blanchard said. "Now, there, friend is a way to earn your bread the hard way."

Was Canadian football that much rougher than that played by pros in the United States?

"No, I doubt that any individual game in Canada is much different from that in the U.S., but their seasons are so much longer," he explained. "One season we played a total of 24 games!"

"First of all, there were two exhibi-

tion contests to get us loosened up. Then came 16 league games. When that was over and we finished in second place, we had to play a two-game, total-points series with the club that took third.

"Having survived that business, we qualified to take on the squad that finished first in our division in a best-of-three series. And you guessed it, the thing went three games. Because we won it, we were allowed the glorious privilege of playing one more championship match with the winner of the other division. There we finally lost—and by that time I don't see how anybody could care."

### GOOD-BYE FOOTBALL

The 1953 season was Blanchard's last in pro football. A knee injury that he suffered early in the campaign helped make up his mind.

"If I had been allowed to take off a week or two to let it heal, I probably would have been all right," Joe said. "But Canadian teams were only allowed to have seven United States players on their roster, so they wanted to use us practically all the time."

"When my knee was injured I was given a shot of novocaine so I could keep on playing. That didn't do it any good, of course. In fact, I wondered for a long time if the knee was ever going to be normal again, but it is as good as new now."

Sometimes Blanchard is asked if he played on offense or defense in Canada, and that always brings a laugh.

"There are no such things for the important players," says Joe. "If you are from the U.S., you are a football player, and you stay in regardless of who has the ball."

Not all the hazards of Canadian football are due to the actual competition. Weather doubles the problems.

"And don't think it is just cold weather that causes trouble," said Blanchard. "We started our season in August and one night in Winnipeg it was 98 degrees when the game began! I lost 15 pounds by the time it was over."



POWER personified, Blanchard turns it on.

A TIRED Blanchard smiles in victory.







**MIGHTY** heave by Joe sends Stasiak flying.



**JOE STRAINS** mightily to resist Rock Hunter.

The summers above the border are short, however, and it was the lower temperatures that Blanchard remembers most. If there was snow before the game a crew would clear it off with shovels, but there wasn't much that could be done about ice. "One time there was a miserable combination of ice and snow on the field. It was so thick that you couldn't see the boundary lines or yard markers," Joe recalled. "The only thing the groundskeepers could do was take cans of blue paint and draw the lines on top of the ice."

In 1953 Blanchard began his pro wrestling career. He was living in Calgary at the time, and one of his early matches was in Billings, Mont., some 500 miles away.

"A friend and I drove all day through a storm to get to Billings and just made it in time for me to go in the ring," Blanchard said. "After the bout—which I won—we decided to drive back that night. It wasn't long before our car slipped off the road and wound up about 75 feet down a hill.

"We weren't hurt, but we sure were in a bad spot. It was 25 degrees below zero and we didn't even know how far the nearest farm house would be. We started trudging up the road, until we were finally picked up by some fellows in a farm truck. It was 5 o'clock in the morning."

That taught Blanchard not to drive across mountains in snow storms, but it wasn't the only part of the wrestling business that he had to learn the hard way.

#### VARIETY LEADS TO VICTORY

"For one thing, I learned that you must have a variety of 'favorite holds' if you want to win often," said the ex-tackle. "I used to work toward one or two holds throughout a match, passing up chances to try something else. That doesn't go at all. Too often you find yourself pinned before you ever get a chance to get the guy where you want him."

"Your opponents aren't dumb. If they know you specialize in one hold, they'll do everything they can to prevent you from getting it. And meanwhile they are pounding you to a pulp."

"Now I guess you could say that the holds I have the most success with are the Boston Crab, the spinning leg lock, abdominal stretches, body slams—and, of course, the flying tackle."

Blanchard has been married since 1952 to the former Jackie Taylor. They have two sons, 9-year-old Tully and 2-year-old Taylor.

Tully gives strong evidence of follow-

ing in his dad's footsteps. A husky 90-pounder, he already has had three years of Little League baseball, plus some basketball and football. "And I'm teaching him a little wrestling," said Joe. "It will never do him any harm."

Eventually Blanchard hopes to coach football and wrestling in high school or college, but before that he wants a crack at the world's championship.

Joe met Lou Thesz not so long ago in Cincinnati, and the match was a good one. "Lou is still strong and quick despite his age, and naturally he knows every trick in the book, but I thought I had him going," Blanchard said. "But I made one mistake. He got me with a backdrop and dumped me on my head. I don't remember too much after that."

Blanchard picks another former Canadian League football player as a potential wrestling champion. That is Wilbur Snyder, who was the other tackle with Blanchard on the Edmonton team.

"Snyder is tremendous," Blanchard said. He has all the guns. In many ways he reminds me of Thesz."

To the surprise of some, Blanchard picks Dick the Bruiser as another strong candidate for the "big belt." "Spectators have come to think of Dick as just a big roughhouse guy with no sense," Joe said. "But they're wrong. He is quick and has a knowledge of the game that fans don't realize."

"At the same time the Bruiser is the roughest wrestler I've ever known, and you better be ready to fight his way if you take him on. He's not sneaky, just mean. If he has a club, he'll slug you with it, so you'd better find one yourself. And don't ever underestimate him, because he can pin you with legitimate holds just as quick as anybody."

(Editor's Note: Feature stories concerning Dick the Bruiser and Wilbur Snyder can be found elsewhere in this issue.)

When Blanchard isn't in the ring these days, he is likely to be sitting alongside it. He describes the matches in Cincinnati for television viewers on a 22-station network.

"I may not be the polished announcer that some people prefer, but I bet my listeners know more about what is really going on than most."

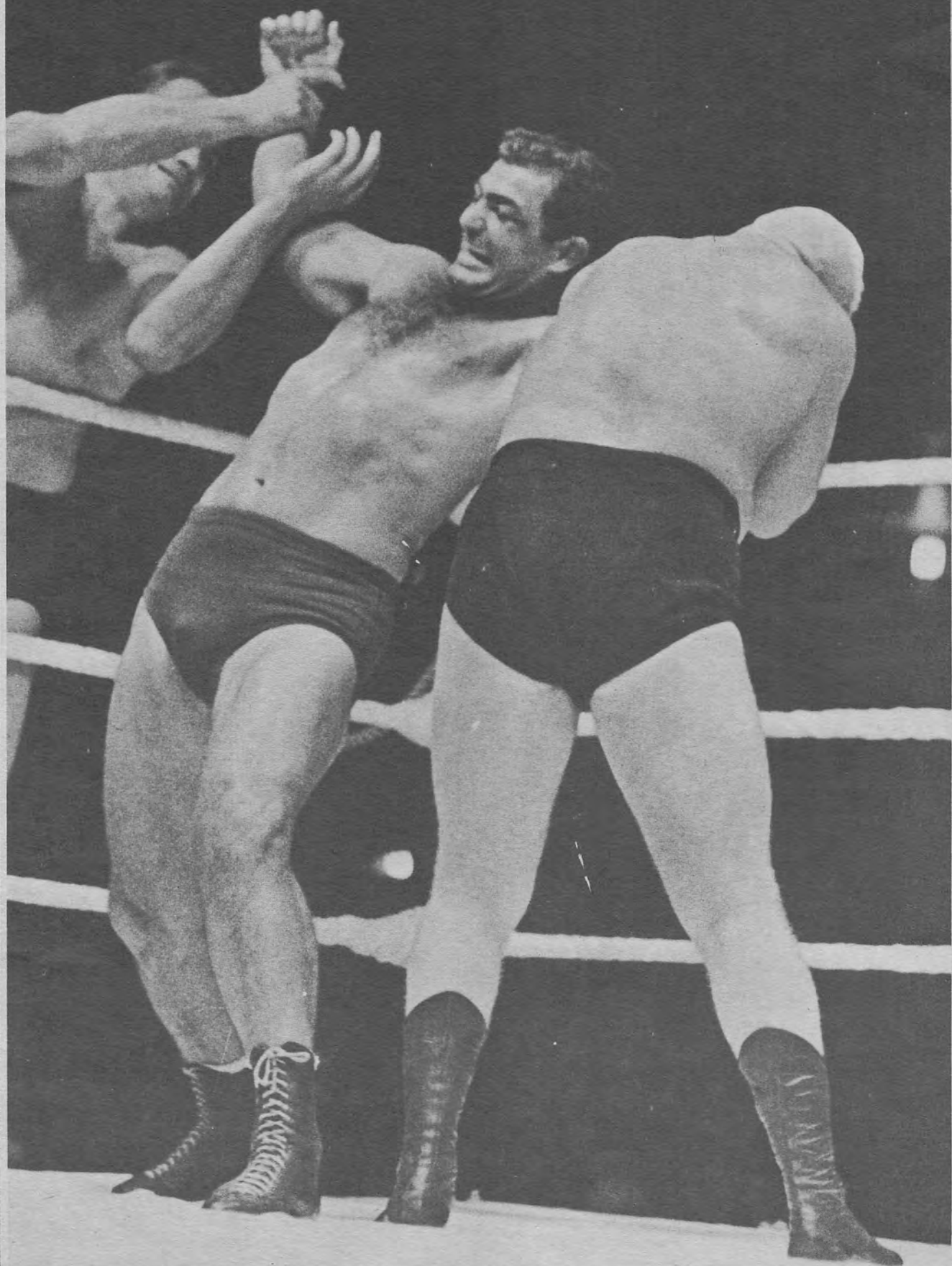
The television work doesn't hurt Blanchard's popularity, of course. With one of the best-proportioned physiques among the muscle men, the handsome, former football star is especially popular with women fans.

As he struggled to get into Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis recently, a teen-age girl pushed through the crowd and asked Joe to autograph the plaster cast which encased her arm. He obliged with a smile.

"That wasn't the first time I've signed a cast," said Blanchard. "I have scribbled my name on hats, coats, shoes, schoolbooks—and even some unmentionables. But maybe I shouldn't mention unmentionables."

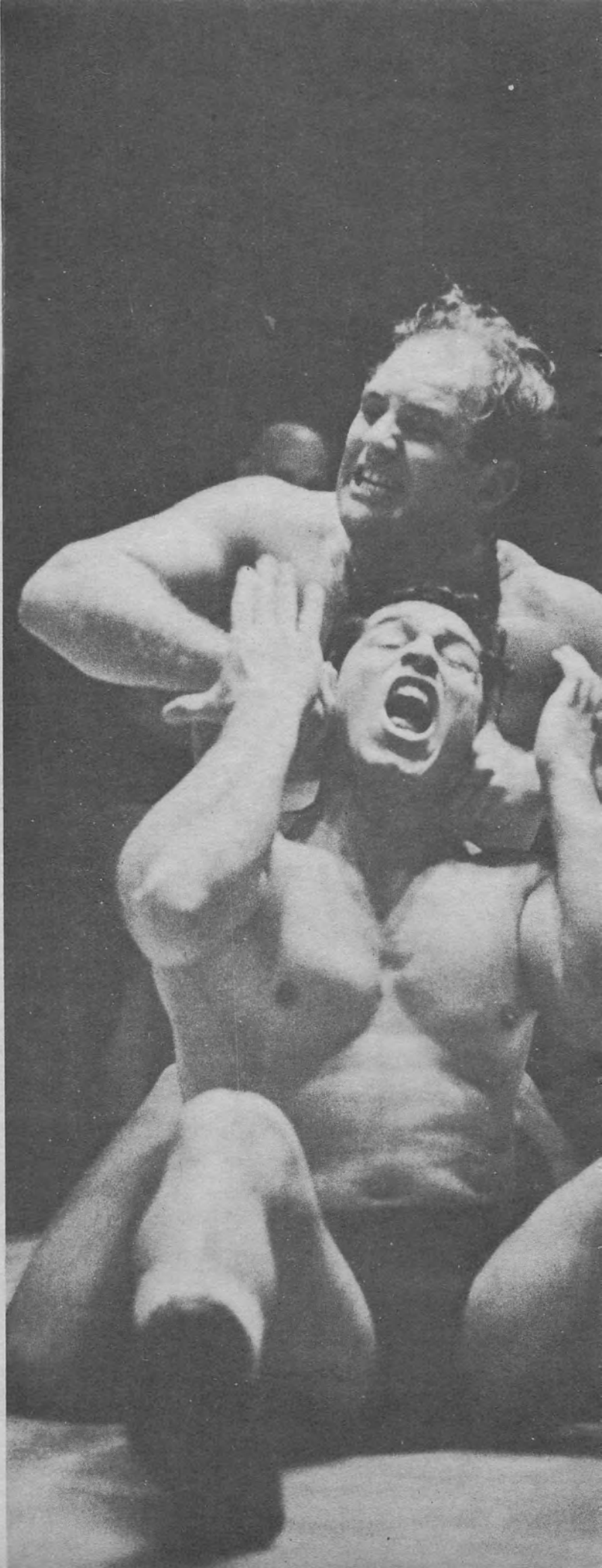


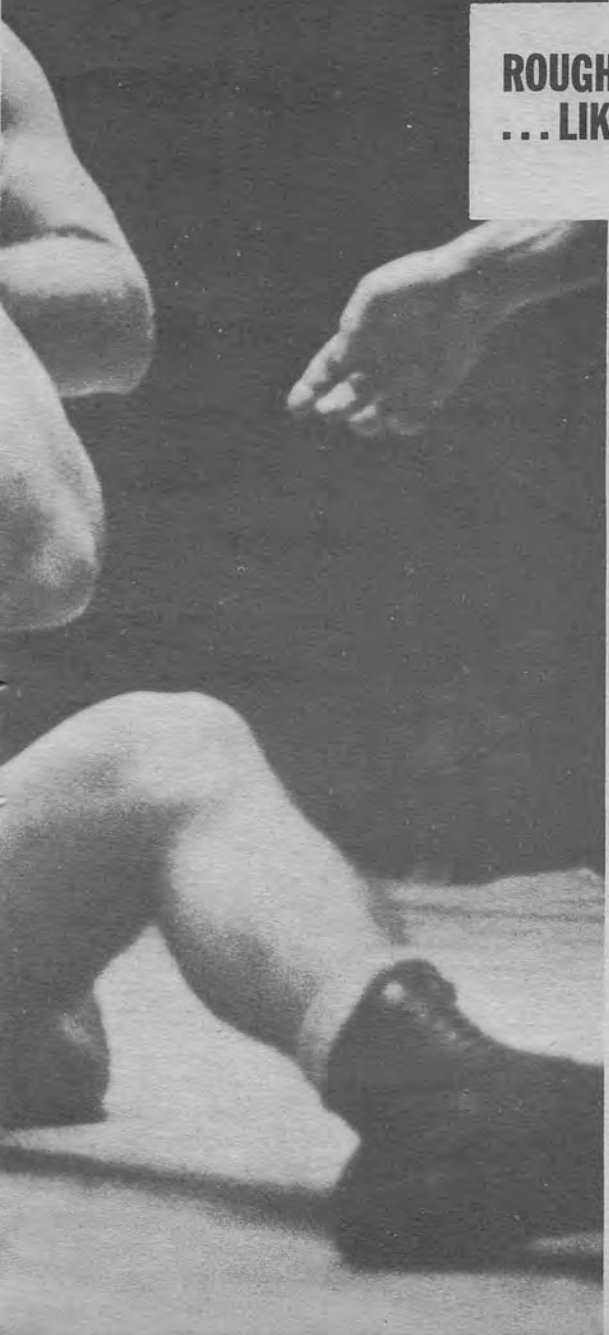
DOUBLE-TEAMED, Blanchard uses all his power to escape from corner.



# THE BLINDERS FROM BAYONNE

By Dale Phillips





**N**OBODY likes a bad man. I mean a "really" bad man. But The Gallaghers are something different. For one thing they are two bad men, not one, and, for another thing, they are so mean, so vicious, so outrageously wicked, that one almost can't help but sympathize with them. Besides, they can be very playful when the mood hits them. But one must be careful. Panthers are playful too.

Interviewing the Gallaghers is a little like taking a ride on the roller-coaster; you know it's going to be "okay" at the end, but the starts and twists are so unpredictable, so swift and severe, that midway through you begin to have doubts. In other words, nothing can change moods faster than a wrestler in an interview, unless maybe it's a wrestler in the ring. And, if it's your lot to interview them, here are two words of advice—look out!

## **ROUGH IN A RING, THE GALLAGHERS CAN BE PLAYFUL TOO ... LIKE PANTHERS — HERE THEY TOY WITH A REPORTER**

Let's make no mistake about it, friends: The Gallaghers are mean men in the ring, but they can be a lot of chuckles outside of it. In any event, an interview with them goes something like this:

Reporter—Anybody here seen The Gallaghers?

Mike Gallagher (smoking a cigar)—Who wants to know, you silly looking baboon?

Reporter (speaking very softly)—Me.

Mike—Sit down, I got something to say to you.

Reporter—Are you a Gallagher?

(A puff of cigar smoke is blown into the reporter's face.)

Mike—I ain't Shirley Temple.

So it goes.

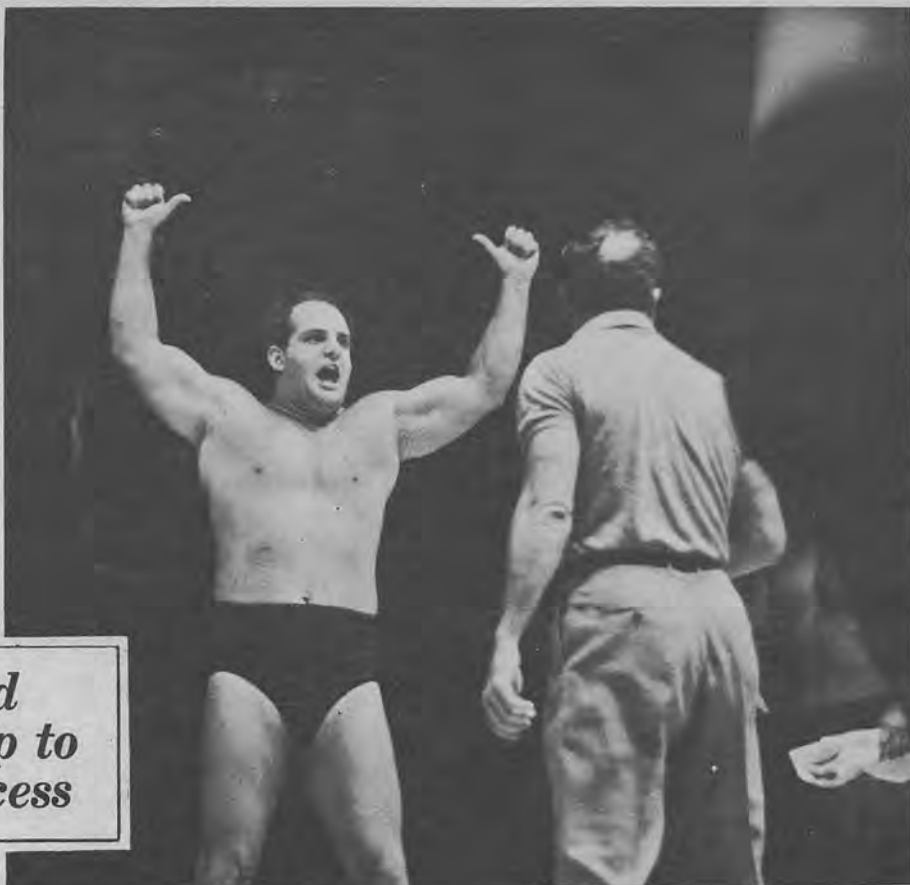
The answers one gets to straight questions are, in a word, flip. Fact is, if anyone ever gets the truth from the Gallaghers they are very fortunate persons indeed, assuming, of course, that the truth is worth getting. In the meantime, it can be a good deal of fun. Why? Well, read on.

### **HUMOR CAN BITE**

"I really feel sorry for you," said Mike Gallagher leaning close. He is a husky 29-year-old, balding slightly, bulging slightly (in the right places, naturally) and smoking (cigars) greatly . . . right in your face. But he has a kind look about him, the look of a man with a sense of humor. But it is a biting humor, just a step or two away from anger. To be truthful, it can be unsettling talking to him. You never know if he's going to



## Beautiful Bodies and Quick Minds Add Up to a "Thumbing" Success



tell a joke or put out his cigar on the back of your hand. But, one presses on . . . if one wants to get paid, that is.

"Why do you feel sorry for me?" he was asked.

"Because you have lived this long," said Mike, "without ever having heard of the Gallaghers."

"I've been preoccupied with the crisis in Cuba, the sale of wheat to Russia, the 'cold war,' the gold shortage and all those things," he was told, defensively.

"I don't wrestle in Cuba," said Mike. "Besides, if the government needs any gold, they can come to me and my brother Doc, we'll give them all the gold they want. Right Doc?"

"Right," said Doc. "I just sit and watch the stock market all day."

"Is that how you lost your hair?" he was asked. Considering the reputation of the Gallaghers, it was perhaps the bravest thing the reporter had ever done.

"No it wasn't," answered Doc calmly, running his hand over his smooth skull. (Point of information—the strong, battle-tested hand held a silver cigarette holder.) "You want my theory about hair?"

"Shoot," came the reply. Then, a little less affirmatively, "I mean, tell me about hair, or rather the lack of it."

"Hair," said Doc, "is a liability. And, since I am knowledgeable in financial circles, I know a liability when I see one. Hair is no good. I have many things to occupy my time, and hair isn't one of them. You ever think of how much time hair takes?"

"Not really," was the answer. "I'm

losing mine."

"You're lucky," said Doc. He's actually the gentler of the pair, simply because, at 32, he's three years older and knows a bit more of life . . . and hair. "Hair," he continued, "is, next to the appendix, the most useless thing that a man has. It serves absolutely no purpose whatsoever, and yet every man spends hours, probably weeks, months and years of his lifetime combing his hair. Not me. I got more important things to do. I shaved mine all off."

"How about letting me ask you a tricky question?" interrupted Mike. "Why is it that you don't know the Gallagher brothers?"

Perhaps it should be pointed out that this was Sunnyside Garden in New York.

"I haven't been here in the last few weeks," was the answer.

"Few weeks! We haven't been here in years," said Mike. "Matter of fact, we may never come here again if we are subjected to interviews like this."

"Are you kidding?" he was asked with a smile.

"Try me," said Mike . . . without a smile.

### REPORTERS ARE HUMAN

He had no takers, mainly because in a wrestling lockerroom a reporter is outnumbered, say, four to one; out-weighted 10 to one; and, if the Gallaghers are any indication, out-thought 50 to one. They are a pair of 5-11, 230-pound wrestlers with a reputation for meanness and a talent for being twice that.

"How did you ever begin wrestling?" they were asked.

"Where we come from, which is Bayonne, N.J.," said Mike, "it was rough. It was fist, fist, fist, all the time. Matter of fact, I was 14 years old before I even knew I had fingers."

"You're joshing," he was told.

"How'd you like five knuckles worth of joshing," said Mike.

It should be said, along about this time, that the reporter was still fairly certain that the Gallaghers were nothing but fun-loving, over-grown boys—out of the ring, that is. Some of their answers were too outlandish for them to be anything else. Take the following as an example.

"Are either of you married?"

"Doc's single, I'm married," said Mike.

"How did you meet your wife?"

"Well, it was like this," said Mike, lighting a fresh cigar. "There was this rumble see, and I needed seven guys. But I could only find six. Well, along came this girl, Juanita Coffman—spell it with a C—an English girl, mind you. I said, 'Honey, how about helping me out in this rumble.' Well, she pitched in and fought twice as good as the other six guys put together, so I married her. What could be simpler?"

"You must have done other things in Bayonne besides rumble?"

"Yeah, we played football," said Mike. "Doc and I were the best tackles in the state. I won a scholarship to Indiana University but I quit after three days."

"Why?"

"I wasn't recognized," said Mike. "You see that is my goal in life, but you might say that I have already achieved that goal. In wrestling, I am recognized as an out-

TEAMWORK PLAYS a big part in the success of the Gallaghers. Here Doc gains upper-hand over Joe Lopez and looks to corner for Mike's advice.



standing exponent of . . . say, wait a minute, you didn't recognize me."

The reporter suddenly wished he had another assignment, say like in Viet Nam. But he went on. If this was "his night" to go, he might as well see how inventive the human mind was. And, make no mistake about it friends, the Gallaghers have quick, agile minds, as well as bodies.

"Have you ever wrestled each other?" was the only question which came to mind. Admittedly it was a stupid question, but who can think when you are cringing against a lockerroom wall?

"Never," said Mike soberly. Then, with a touch of mischief, he added: "The reason is simple. If we did, we would be like the tigers in Little Black Sambo. Ever read the story? I didn't think so. Well, anyway, we would both be so great that we'd grab each other and go round and round like the tigers in the story. The end result would be we'd churn ourselves into 33 pounds of butter."

"That's silly," he was told.

"You're silly," came Mike's reply. Needless to say, there was no argument.

#### THE BLINDER

The next question concerned special holds.

"We have an exclusive right to one hold," said Mike, as if he had a patent. He doesn't, of course. It's just that he and Doc are the only ones who can "handle" their hold. "It's called 'The Blinder,'" continued Mike. "It calls for great skill and dexterity with the thumbs."

"How so?"

"Well, by using our thumbs," explained Mike, "we cut off the circulation of blood to the optic nerve; thus causing temporary blindness. Impressed?"

"Does it really work?" he was asked.

"Just wait till you see it in action," said Mike. "Unless, of course, you want me to demonstrate right here . . . on you."

"No thanks," said the reporter in a tone best described as shrill. "It sounds rather inhuman to me."

"One hundred percent wrong," said Mike. "It is devastating to be sure, but actually it is the most humane hold known to man, because by blinding our opponents so they can be easily pinned, we save them the misery of being beaten to a pulp."

"Well, how do you know when to stop so your opponent won't be blinded permanently?" he was asked.

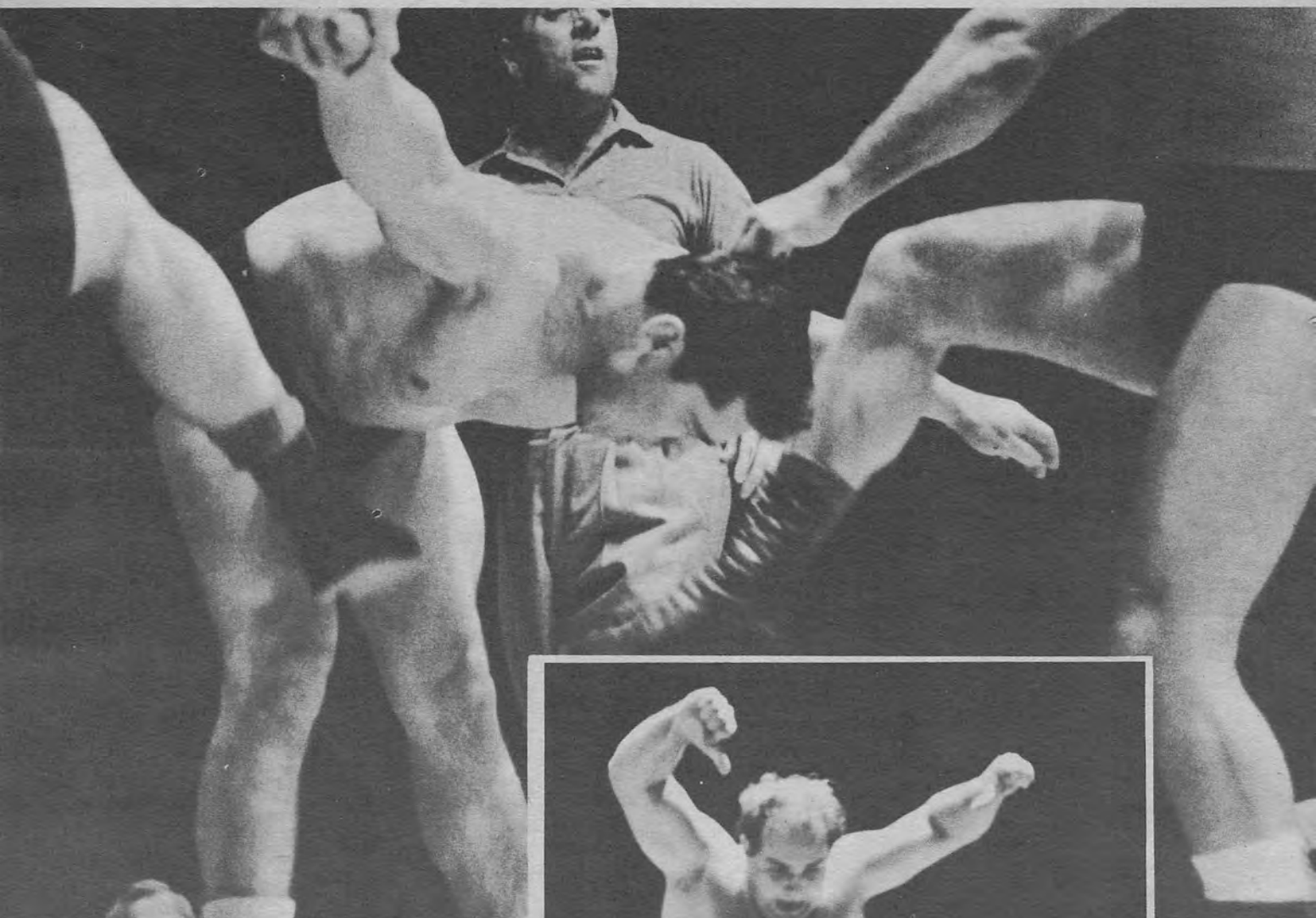
"I'm glad you asked that," said Mike. "You see, we practiced for a long time on large dogs, so that we know the exact instant to release our hold."

"That definitely sounds inhuman," he was told.

"Why?" asked Mike, astonished. "The Russians send dogs to the moon. We just blinded them for an instant. Maybe we messed up one or two, so what do you plan to do about it?"

"I don't plan a thing," he was told. "Still, it sounds pretty mean to animals."

"Animals?" roared Mike. "Let me tell



**LIGHTNING-FAST** on their exchanges, Mike and Doc boot Lopez before referee can act.

you a thing or two about animals. Once we wrestled a bear."

"A bear?" asked the reporter, not quite sure he had heard correctly.

"A bear," said Mike. "It's like a big monkey, but I wouldn't expect a boob like you to understand. But believe me, that bear was pretty mean."

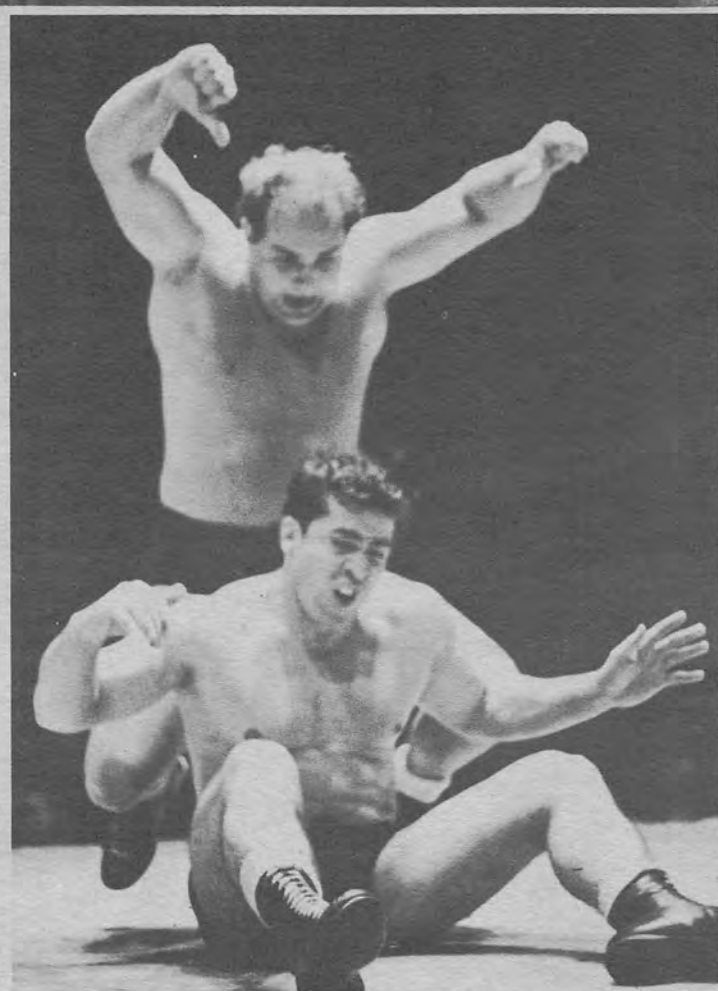
"Wrestled any other animals?"

"I wrestled a girl once, who I thought was an octopus," said Mike. "But that's what we run into all the time. Women are crazy about us. They take one look at us in the ring, and we are so beautiful, that they are immediately disgusted with their husbands and boy friends. I don't blame them. We are really something to see."

"Why?"

"It's our physical assets," said Mike. Doc, who was dreaming about Wall Street, perked up at the mention of the word "assets" and immediately refilled his silver cigarette holder. "And our outfits are, to be perfectly frank, superb. They were created by a French designer, whose

*continued on page 81*



**THUMBS UP**, Mike springs upon Lopez to apply the devastating "blinder."



# Quiet

BY PETE  
WALDMEIR

## MASTER OF THE MAT

**W**ILBUR Snyder sat on the dressing table, motionless, as if in a daze.

Perspiration rolled down his face and slid, unnoticed, from his chin. Fatigue cut little lines under his pale blue eyes. An ugly gash on his forehead bled slightly.

Snyder was dog-tired, and no wonder. He had just finished a brutal battle with Dick the Bruiser. They had both gone at it, hammer-and-tongs, all the way. The Bruiser threw Snyder out of the ring three times, but each time Wilbur climbed back to resume the struggle.

After an hour, with both men almost too weary to stand, the referee called it a draw. Now Snyder was trying to summon enough energy to go in and take a shower.

"Pardon me, Mr. Snyder," called the dressing room attendant, poking his head in the doorway. "There's a gentleman here who wants your autograph."

Snyder did not seem to hear. He sat on the bench, staring straight ahead without seeing.

"Can't you see the guy's tired?" snapped another wrestler as he stood before a long mirror, knotting his tie. "Leave him

alone. Tell that guy to blow."

The attendant hesitated.

"It isn't for him," he explained. "It's for his little boy."

"I'll sign it," said Snyder coming to life. He took the program, scrawled a brief message on it and gave it back to the attendant.

"Whaddya wanta do that for?" protested the other wrestler, putting on his jacket. "Those guys never leave you alone."

"I remember, when I was a kid, how important an autograph seemed to me," said Snyder. He walked slowly into the

## WILBUR SNYDER

shower room. "I couldn't let the little fellow down."

### NOT A MAN TO FORGET

Such behavior is characteristic of Snyder, one of the most thoughtful and gentlemanly athletes in any sport. Wrestling fans have been good to him, and he isn't a man to forget it.

He will stand patiently signing autographs as long as anyone thrusts a piece of paper in front of him. He will stop to talk with the fans anytime. He will answer the most foolish and repetitious questions, without ever giving a sign that he has been through all this before.

If a newspaper writer or a TV commentator says something nice about him, Snyder makes it a point to thank the man.

And even though he may not have been in an arena in months, he will call the lockerroom boys by their first names. In short, he's a nice guy. But he's nobody's fool—he knows where to draw the line.

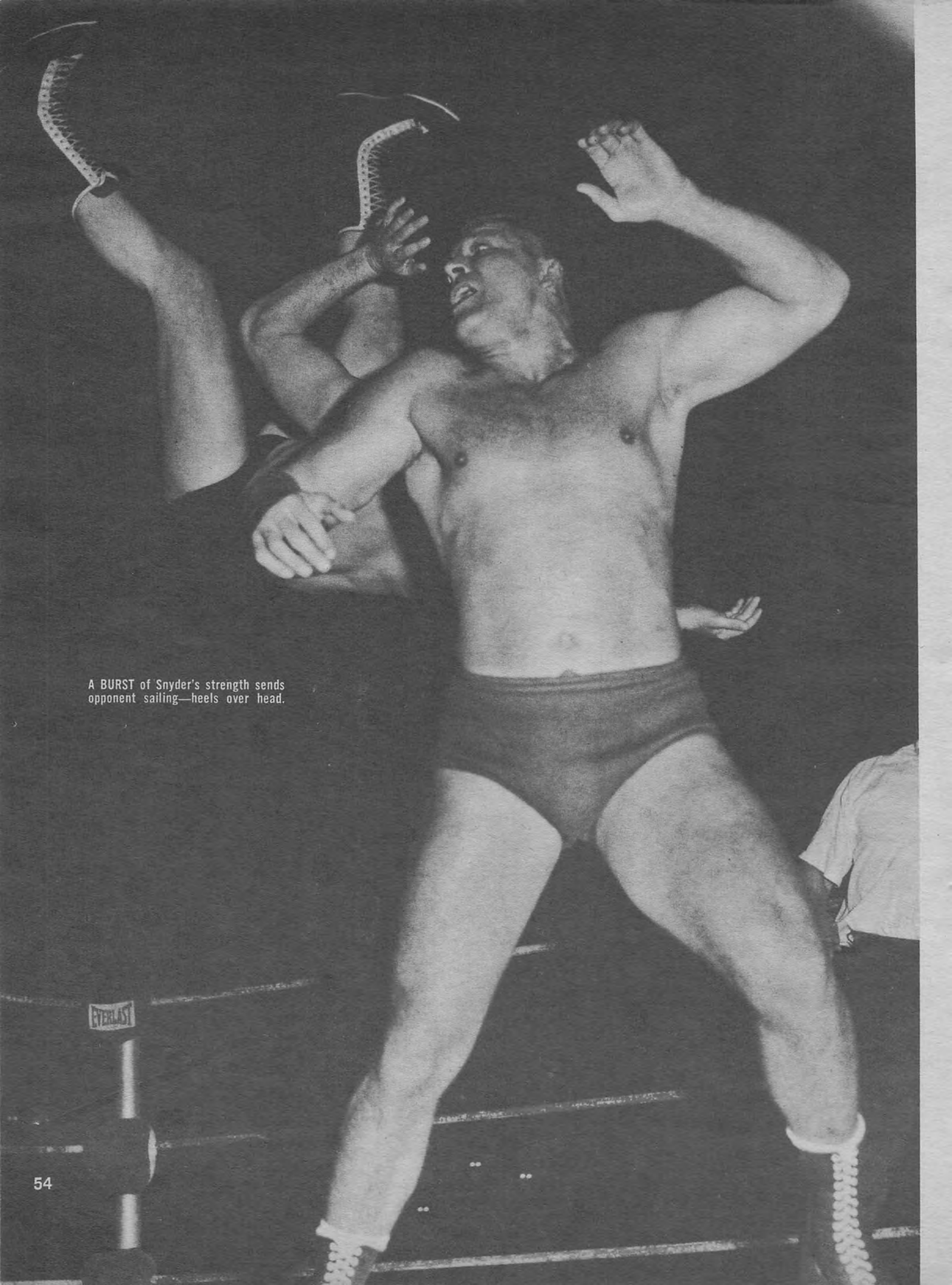
If his opponent is willing to wrestle by the rules, Snyder enjoys the match as a test of science and skill. If his foe wants to brawl and foul, Snyder can oblige him, too. Against any type of wrestler—and Snyder has fought all the top men in the sport—this quiet master of the mat can give as good as he gets.

"I don't like to get pushed around," he says, mildly. "In this business you have to be ready to defend yourself at all times. You can't depend on the officials. Their interpretations of the rules vary too much

from one section of the country to another.

"I try to adapt myself fast to all conditions. If I come up against some ruffian who begins butting and kneeing and trying to gouge my eyes out, I slug him right back. I've learned one thing for sure: You can't show any mercy or sportsmanship to these roughnecks. They take that as a sign of weakness, and they just get rougher."

This willingness to meet the roughnecks head-on, and to give them a taste of their own bad medicine, has made Snyder a living refutation of the oft-quoted phrase "nice guys finish last." Indeed, if Snyder's career is any criterion, nice guys, if they can wrestle, actually fare



A BURST of Snyder's strength sends  
opponent sailing—heels over head.



WILBUR CAN, when provoked, be wicked. A little beard-pulling . . .



FOLLOWED UP by a pulverizing chop to the whiskers . . .



ALLOWS the "quiet man" to put head-lock on Karol Kalmikoff . . .



NEXT THING Karol knows, Wilbur slams him hard . . . where it hurts.

## This Gifted, Genuinely-Sincere Athlete Proves That Even Gentlemen Can Have Great Gate Appeal

better in the long run than the villains.

Wilbur began wrestling for money almost a decade ago, and he caught on fast. Before long, he was wrestling in main events at some of the biggest arenas in the country. He has been on top ever since.

### A SHREWD FORMULA

Today many promoters use a shrewd formula to beef up the box-office. They stage "studio" television matches to build up interest, and then "black out" the area for their major bouts. This set-up is a natural for Snyder. His quiet strength and his sincere, genuinely likable personality come across well on the television screen. On the mat, his ability speaks for itself,

and many consider him to be one of the best wrestlers in North America. The combination of the two—personality and talent—has made Snyder one of the sport's magic names at the box office. Or, as they say in the trade, he has "gate" appeal.

The drawing power of the Snyder personality, and the above-mentioned promotional technique, was well-illustrated when Jim Barnett and Johnny Doyle elected to try their luck in Detroit several years ago. Wrestling had been "stone cold dead" as a major sports attraction in Detroit for years, but the promoters were undismayed.

They began a series of Thursday night "studio" shows over Station CKLW-TV,

just across the Detroit River in Canada, and put the emphasis on Snyder. Wilbur was on camera more than the commercials in those preliminary presentations. Then Doyle and Barnett booked Snyder against Angelo Poffo at Olympia Stadium in Detroit proper.

With the exception of Barnett and Doyle, few expected the first Detroit card in years to touch off any stampede for tickets, but it did. The cavernous Olympia Stadium was sold out about an hour before the first match. More than 16,000 fans saw Snyder conquer Poffo, while thousands more were turned away. The gate receipts set an all-time Michigan record of \$40,813.



## Willingness to Meet the Roughnecks Head-On Has Made Snyder a Magic Name at the Box Office

Such marks have become almost routine for Snyder. He has been a big draw wherever he has wrestled. The surprising thing is, he has done it without gimmicks or ballyhoo, and without ever violating his own personal code of behavior. Snyder just wrestles, but he does it with such flair and mastery that his admirers simply can't get enough of him.

In the past year, Snyder has done most of his wrestling on the West Coast. He is a popular battler at arenas throughout Southern California, and he makes occasional forays into other sections of the country. Now he has decided to make his base of operations in the Midwest so that he can travel more easily to any point in the United States.

"I love California, but I like to get around, too," he declares. "I want to go where the action is. I get offers to wrestle in various parts of the country, and I don't like to turn any of them down. I want to keep faith with the people all over the U. S. and Canada who have been so nice to me."

Snyder, still in his twenties, is a big, supple, well-muscled athlete who carries few scars of his hard profession. For one thing, he knows what wrestling is all about. And, for another thing, he stands a hulking 6-2½ and tips the scales at a rugged 243 pounds.

Snyder is one of those fortunate men with a knack for almost any sport. In high school, he excelled in football and track. He enjoyed weight-lifting and tumbling, and he was a member of the local YMCA wrestling team.

When he enrolled at the University of Utah, he had just about made up his mind to become a high school coach and physical education teacher. He had two great seasons as a tackle and end at Utah, and he was the mainstay of the college wrestling team.

### FROM RAMS TO ESKIMOS

Professional scouts flocked after him, offering him the chance to make some money on the gridiron. He played one season with the Los Angeles Rams before he was lured away by the Edmonton Eskimos in the Canadian League. There he was a standout for two years on a team that is still remembered as one of the best pro clubs north of the border. Since he is a man who looks ahead, he was already planning for the day when he would quit as an active gridder and become a coach.

Then "destiny" took him by the hand. Snyder, always fond of physical culture and weight-lifting, liked to spend early

summer afternoons on the beach near his native Santa Monica, California. This particular strip of sand happened to be "Muscle Beach," a sort of open-air Turkish bath and gymnasium.

Inevitably, Snyder met some professional wrestlers. They were all impressed by his physical endowments and his background as a YMCA and college mat champion, and told him he ought to give the pro game a try. He took their advice.

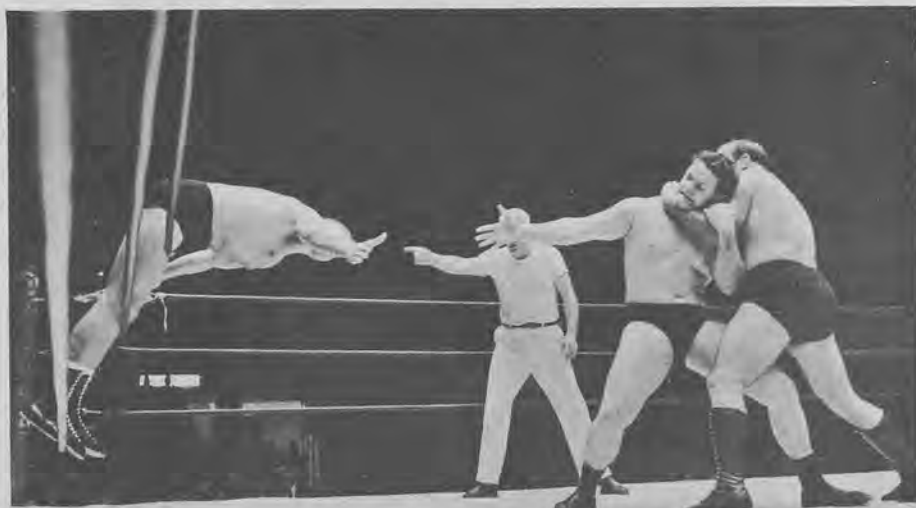
His popularity today can be measured not only by gate receipts but by the way he gets around. Within five years of his pro debut, he was logging more than 110,000 miles a year, about 60,000 of that

down to the high 80's. That's pretty good for me.

"I don't have any other hobby, except my gym work. I don't have any superstitions, either. I love to eat, but I usually limit myself to meat and non-fattening foods. I'm really a very plain fellow. I have done a little real estate business, but that is my only interest outside the ring."

Snyder has held the U. S. heavyweight championship several times, including one stretch when he claimed the crown for a year and a half. On another occasion, he had the title for four months.

Snyder has pretty well given up the idea of becoming a high school coach,



EAGER to help at all times, Wilbur reaches over ropes in match against Kalmikoffs.

by air, the rest by car. Although he has occasionally settled down for a few months in one area, he does not like to linger long. He wants the fans all over the country to remember who he is.

Insiders estimate that a wrestler of Snyder's status is capable of earning \$70,000 to \$100,000 a year if he wants to work hard at it. This means wrestling three to five times a week, 52 weeks a year.

That is too much for Snyder, who has a horror of going stale from too much competition. He feels that the fans pay to see him at his best, and he dislikes to wrestle when he isn't capable of a peak performance.

Every once in a while, he will take a month or two off and get better acquainted with his family—his lovely wife, Shirley, his son, Mike, and daughter, Cindy. He is fond of spending a part of each winter loafing in Florida or California, wrestling perhaps once a week "to pay for the vacation." Snyder estimates that he may take it easy in this manner about three months a year.

Even in these periods of relative inactivity, however, he works out regularly in the gym and watches his diet. He thinks that his best fighting weight is about 240 pounds, and he keeps it there, year after year.

"I like golf, but I don't have as much time as I'd like to play it," Snyder says. "If I play regularly, I can get my game

mainly because he feels that he has many good years ahead in wrestling. He plans to continue as long as he can measure up to his own high personal standards of performance.

### ALWAYS LEARNING

"I've been wrestling, as a pro and as an amateur, most of my life," observes Snyder. "Yet I know that I haven't begun to learn all there is to know about this sport. I learn something new every day. That is the good part about wrestling—experience counts as much, probably more, than youth and power."

"In so many sports, just about the time a man has mastered the game, he's too old. This isn't true in wrestling. Many men in their forties are excellent wrestlers, and some have been able to keep winning while in their fifties. In this sport, know-how is terribly important."

Snyder has had offers to tour Europe and the Far East, but he has confined his appearances to North America, where he feels wrestling is enjoying a solid growth in appeal.

He thinks that the type of athlete now engaged in professional wrestling has much to do with the healthy state of the pastime on this continent.

"I'd say that more than half of the top wrestlers in the U.S. today are college men, and why not?" muses Snyder. "Wrestling gets the best today because it pays the most. I can make 10 times as much



**EFFECTIVE** in any kind of match, Wilbur can mix-it up in close, as he does above, or he can drop a foe with a drop-kick seen below.



wrestling as I did when I played with the Rams. A pro football player may last 10 years, if he's lucky, but a wrestler can last 25.

"Competition is rough, because everybody is out for the fat pay day. And the level of the professional sport is getting better every day. I don't know how good the 'old-timers' were, but I don't see how they could be any better than the men we have today.

"And that includes the roughhouse wrestlers around today, the guys who are all brute power and no finesse. They may look clumsy and awkward at times but, believe me, it's murder to try to wrestle them. It's like fighting a tank with your bare hands. In their own way, those guys are good. If they weren't they wouldn't be around long."

That's Wilbur Snyder—a nice guy with a good word for everyone, even the bully boys who try to poke his eye out or slit his head open. The attitude defines the man.



**I**'m Dick the Bruiser, and I don't take nothing from nobody! Not from promoters, not from wrestlers and not from the dumb slobs in the cheap seats. They all hate me anyway, but so what? I can take care of myself.

Friends? Who needs them? My friends are my keen mind, my fantastic strength and my "guts." That's all I need; except, of course, for those bums who pay good money to watch my matches. If it wasn't for them, I'd have to work for a living.

I have to laugh at those jerks, though. They yell at me and throw popcorn boxes, and somewhere they've picked up the strange idea that some day, somehow, some bum is going to beat me. How stupid can you get?

Promoters, naturally, are even stupider. You don't have to be very smart to be

# "I Don't Take Nothing From Nobody..."

a promoter in the first place, but they're positively out of their minds. I'm not only keeping them in business, but I'm making them rich. Yet they're always trying to get me beaten.

Anything the other guy wants, they'll go for. If he wants a no time-limit bout, that's what he gets. If he wants to wrestle in mud, or in a cage, or in a ring without ropes, the promoters let him have his way.

What I want to know, is why?

Those other guys couldn't bring a dozen people into the arena, including their parents. I'm the guy the fans want to see, yet the promoters never give me a break. I guess it makes them sick when they realize all the money they have to pay me. I'm just too rich for their blood, and that really bugs them.

Besides, if they didn't give the other guys the breaks, I'd win all my matches so fast the bums out in the audience would want their money back. I'll tell you the truth, there isn't anybody around who has a chance against me. Lou Thesz? Argentina Rocca? Lord Layton? Ray Stevens? Bums! Everyone of them!

You want to know how I do it? You want to know what makes me the greatest? I'll tell you. I don't depend on anybody else. I go it alone, and I'm tough.



Every time I get into the ring, I've got to take on my opponent, who is usually scared to death, the referee, the promoter and all the officials around the ring. They're all out to get me, but they don't bother me.

If my opponent wants to play rough, that's fine with me. I can play a lot rougher. If the referee gives me any trouble, I can smack him down, too. And what can the promoters and the commission officials do? All they can do is talk. They got enough sense—just barely enough sense, I think—not to get into the ring with me.

by Dick The Bruiser

THE MEANEST MAN IN  
WRESTLING HAS HIS SAY  
— AND IT ISN'T MILD!

AS NASTY as they come, Dick abuses Lord Layton, left, and then finishes job with a wicked kick, at right.

All they can do is fine me, or maybe suspend me, and, frankly, I've been suspended longer than the Brooklyn Bridge. I guess there aren't many states in which I haven't been suspended at one time or another, except Alaska and Hawaii, and I don't wrestle there.

So they suspend me. So what? After a while, the old officials lose their jobs and a new bunch comes in. Then they reinstate me, and I can wrestle again until I get them mad.

I've got a temper. Nobody pushes me around, but there are a lot of jerks who just can't get this through their head. If everybody would get smart and give me plenty of elbow room, I'd never get into any trouble. But some smart aleck is always thinking that he can tell "The Bruiser" what to do. That's a laugh.

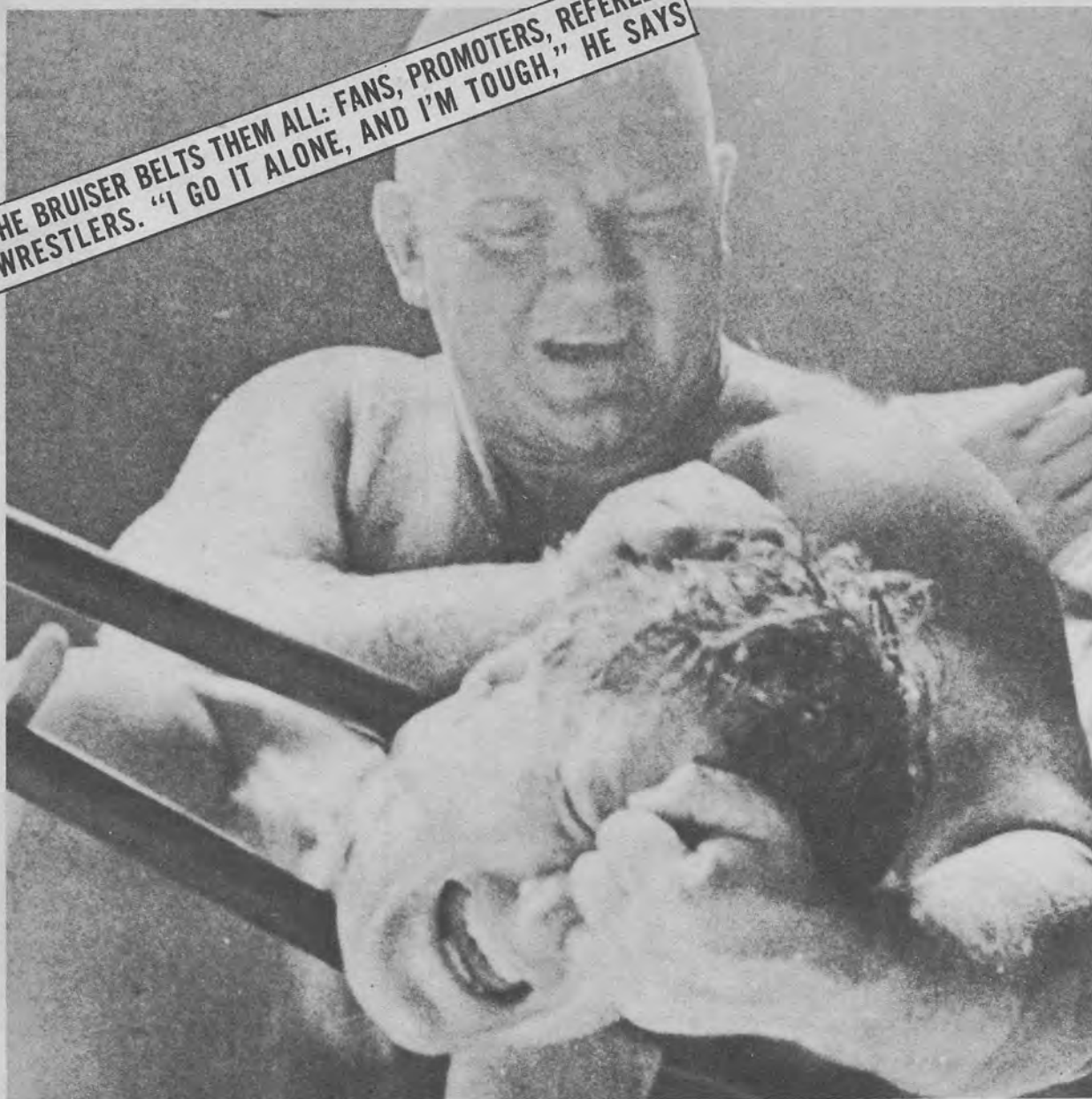
#### BELTING BOOBS IS FUN

As a kid, I loved to play football. I didn't go for that fancy stuff in the backfield, running around or throwing the ball like you're playing bean-bag. I went for a job in the line-up front where the real work is done. That was fun, getting in there and belting those big boobs on the other team around.

When I finished high school, naturally, all the smart college coaches were after me. I decided to go to Purdue, which was near my home. I wanted all my fans to have a chance to see what I could do in college football.



THE BRUISER BELTS THEM ALL: FANS, PROMOTERS, REFEREES, WRESTLERS. "I GO IT ALONE, AND I'M TOUGH," HE SAYS



Everything went great for a while. As a freshman, I had myself a time knocking the varsity around. I would have been the best lineman they ever had at Purdue, except that we had this head coach, see, and was he a loud mouth. To hear him talk around the practice field, telling everybody what to do, you'd think he was getting his face kicked in, instead of us.

I didn't like the way he popped off, but I figured it was none of my business. As long as he let me alone, I let him shoot off his face. In fact, I was beginning to think he knew the score. He had enough sense not to bother me.

By that time, I was a sophomore so, of course, I was a regular on the varsity. I knew I was a cinch for All-American, and I began to think maybe I should ask for more money.

Then one day this big-mouthed coach got on my back. He began yelling at me, very sharp and nasty, and you could hear

him all over the field. I didn't like this, but at first I thought maybe he just forgot who I was. Maybe he thought he was talking to one of those other players. Then he began calling me by my name, and some other names, too, and that was too much.

So I took my helmet and shoved it in his face. That interfered with his conversation, and also my football career at Purdue. I got kicked off the team and out of the school.

I spent two weeks at Notre Dame, but the school had a 12 a.m. curfew, and I'm not the type of guy who gets in before midnight. I looked at some other schools, before I finally finished up at the University of Nevada, which has a high educational rating for dummies like me. I played a lot of football there mainly because they had a nice coach. He knew when to keep his mouth shut.

After I got through with school, I

played for the Green Bay Packers. Now pro football is rough and tough, but let me tell you something. Wrestling is tougher. When I played for the Packers, I weighed about 300 pounds. I thought I was in pretty good shape, and I guess I was—for football. I could go the full route any time, belting those backs around just as good in the last quarter as I did in the first.

Later on, when I began wrestling, I had to train down to about 250 pounds and stay at that weight. That's about what I weigh today. If I weighed 300 pounds now, I wouldn't last long. Wrestling is just too tough. In this business, you have to be hard and solid, or you're in trouble.

#### WALL-TO-WALL MONEY

Anyhow, I had to find an off-season job when I was playing with the Packers. And I found a dandy!

I got myself a job as bouncer at one

of those lush, plush gambling joints in Las Vegas, the kind with wall-to-wall money. I was the personal bodyguard for the owner. He was a nice guy, but every once in a while he'd get himself into some pretty hot arguments. He had an idea he could lick anybody in the place, but I don't think he could lick my grandmother.

Whenever some guy—or maybe half a dozen guys—were ready to take a poke at him, I'd step in and disperse the mob. If they would go peaceful-like, fine. If they wouldn't, I'd throw them out.

Many times characters in this place would lose large sums of money, and this has a tendency to make a man short-tempered. If these bum losers got out of line, I'd toss them out in the street. One time I went into the men's room and found six guys waiting for me. They came at me with everything they could lay their hands on, but when it was over they were stacked up like cord wood. Nobody—absolutely nobody—fools around with "The Bruiser"!

Due to the zealous manner in which I discharged my duties, the club accumulated a great number of law suits, many of them for big money. It got so bad that the owner finally decided he couldn't afford to have me around any longer. He was nice about it. He paid me off, wished me luck and told me not to come back for at least seven years.

I looked around for something to do that would pay as much and be as enjoyable as bouncing smart guys out on their heads. I looked into wrestling, and I knew right away that this was for me. Not only could I toss guys around all night, but I'd get paid for it, too.

You know all this talk about how scientific wrestling is? That's a lot of hogwash. I never wrestled as an amateur and I never took a lesson in my life. When you get into the ring, it's you against the other guy and anything goes. The guy who can walk out on his own power when it's over is the better man, and that's all there is to it.

Wrestling is a great business. And it's a big, big business. I know of towns with populations of around 500 that can fill a 2,000-seat arena for a good wrestling match. That, of course, is a match where I clobber some unlucky bum. The big cities are wild for first-rate wrestling, but so are the small towns.

Much of the credit is due to the selling power of television. The people watch a good wrestling show on TV, and pretty soon they want to come out and see the real thing, in person and up close.

Some of these dumb newspapermen are always knocking wrestling, but they don't fool the people. The fans—the real ones, not the boobs—know a good thing when they see it, and they don't pay any attention to those odd-ball newspaper writers. That's the beauty of TV. We can skip

the papers and go right to the people. Sometimes I think nobody likes wrestling except the people. Besides, the only thing most people read in some papers is the comic section, which is the best part of those sheets, anyway.

I get a lot of fan mail. Most of it is knocking me, and I'm surprised some of these bums know how to write. But every so often I am asked whether wrestling is really on the square, or whether I don't take a dive sometimes. That gets me mad.

### NOBODY BUYS A LOSER

I like money. You can buy so many things with it. And, in this business, the only way to get your hands on the big dough is to win. Nobody buys a loser, in wrestling or in any other sport. That's why I like to win. Winning 99 out of 100 bouts isn't good enough for me. I like to win them all—and I would, too, if those referees and those stupid promoters would get off my back and give me a fair shake.

I never let anybody beat me. I'd be nuts if I did, because the next time out, the other guy would get the big paycheck and I'd get peanuts. I remember one bout recently where the other guy asked me to take it easy. I took it easy! I threw him right out of the ring. Now he knows better than to try and "con" me.

I'm always reading about what a rough game hockey is, and how the players are always getting sewed up. Nuts! I've had more embroidery on my hide than any hockey player. I've had hundreds of stitches to close cuts. My head is a network of little scars where the doctors have done their hemstitching.

And I'm one of the lucky ones, because I'm so big and tough that I'm practically indestructible. There aren't many wrestlers around today—big-name wrestlers, I mean—who haven't had a few broken bones. That's why I get sore when some smart aleck asks me if wrestling is for real. A broken back is for real, isn't it?

This is no business for softies. I wrestle maybe three times a week, sometimes more. And I have to turn down two offers for every one I accept. I travel all over the United States and Canada, maybe 100,000 miles a year. I spend more time in airplanes than the pilots.

And I don't have much time to relax or have fun. I still have to train, even when I'm wrestling so often. I play squash and handball to keep in condition. I lift weights. There's nothing better than deep-knee bends with weights for a fast conditioner.

The difference between amateur and professional wrestling is amazing. I know a lot of guys who were big stuff as amateurs—collegiate champions, AAU champions, all that stuff. When they turn pro, it takes them four or five years to really learn the ropes and get up near the top.

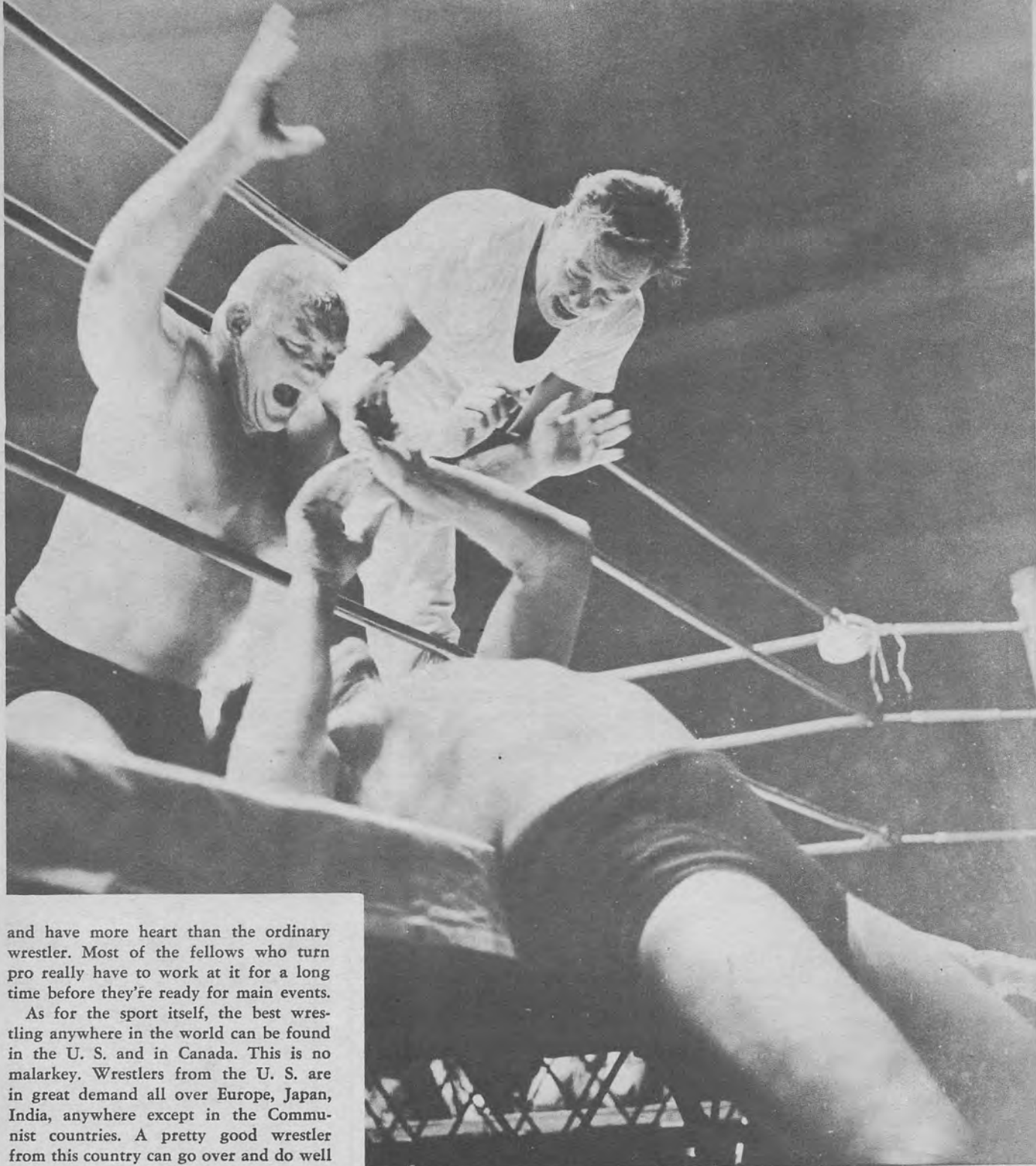
I made it fast, of course, but I'm an exception. I'm just smarter and stronger,



**DASHING** by Lord Layton, Dick pauses in flight to scream at referee. Not satisfied, he kicks his man when he's down, and then attacks him in corner.







and have more heart than the ordinary wrestler. Most of the fellows who turn pro really have to work at it for a long time before they're ready for main events.

As for the sport itself, the best wrestling anywhere in the world can be found in the U. S. and in Canada. This is no malarkey. Wrestlers from the U. S. are in great demand all over Europe, Japan, India, anywhere except in the Communist countries. A pretty good wrestler from this country can go over and do well in Europe or the Far East.

#### MAT BIZ IS BIG BIZ

Not only that, but the best wrestlers in other countries flock here because this is where the real money is. European champions are a dime a dozen over here. Our style of wrestling is different, and better. It's more colorful and more spectacular. That is why wrestling has become such a flourishing business in this country.

I hear some wrestlers try to "con" the fans, especially on TV, telling them what great guys and gals they (the fans) are. As far as I'm concerned, that's for the birds. The fans pay my salary, sure, but they aren't giving me a thing. They hate my guts, and I know it. I don't think so much of them, either.

They'd like to take me apart, but they got better sense than to try it. When I walk down the aisle to the ring, or back to the dressing room, there's usually a squad of special police marching alongside me to protect me. What a laugh! If anybody tried anything, I'd have to protect myself and the police, too. The only thing I tell the police is don't hold on to my arms. When the action starts, I want to have both hands free so I can start swinging fast.

You see, I depend on myself, and on nobody else. That's because I have the best protection in the world. Me—Dick the Bruiser.

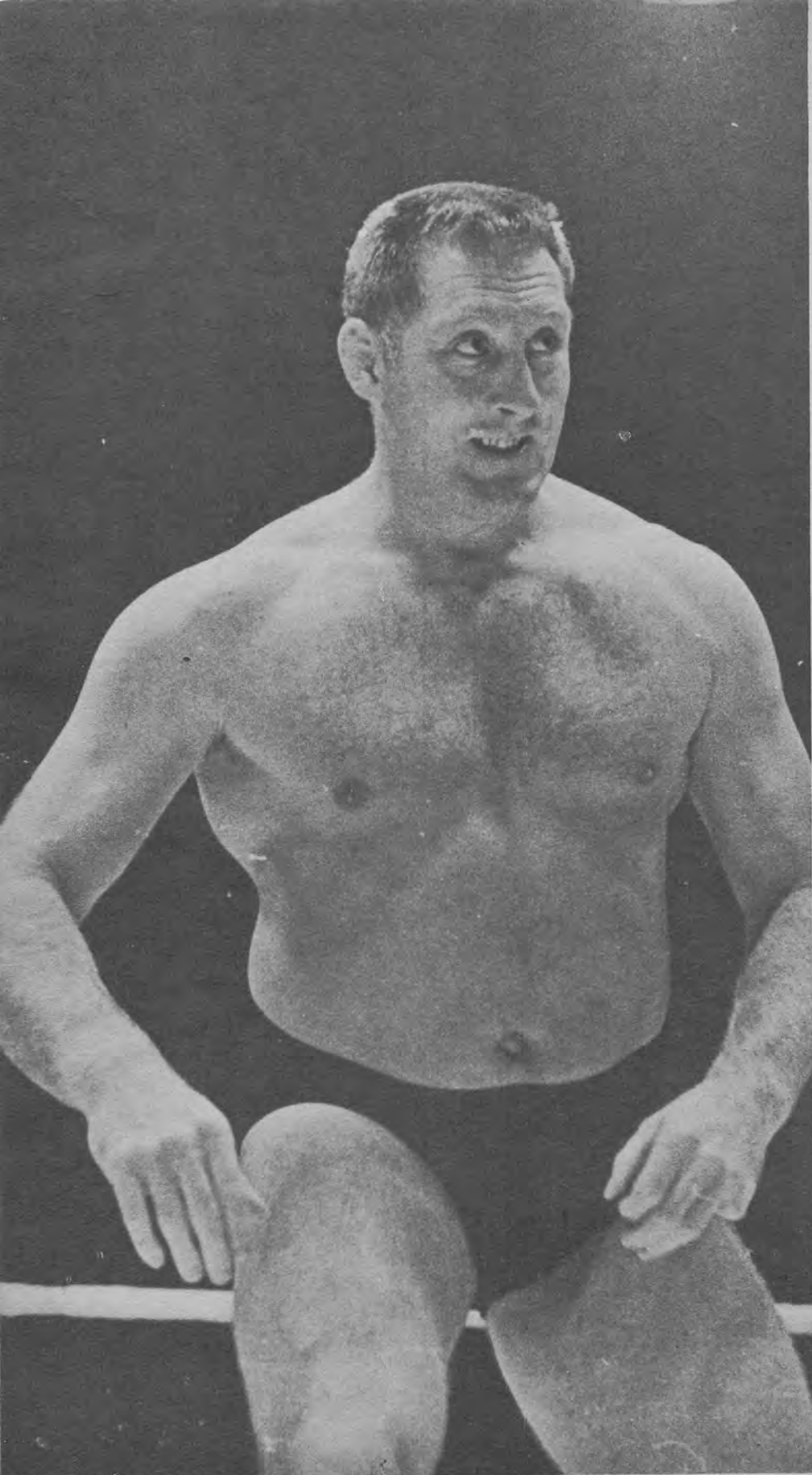
**THRIVING** on violence, the Bruiser prepares to belt Layton even though he is helpless.

# GOTCH

## No Gab, Just Grab

By John J. Archibald

Raised in war-torn Germany, life hasn't been easy for Karl Gotch — Now he makes it hard on mat foes



NO GIMMICKS mar Karl's mat performances—just a keen desire to get the job done.

## A MEMBER OF RILEY'S REBELS, KARL LEARNED HIS WRESTLING IN THE "SNAKE PIT"

**M**OST EVERY wrestler talks about winning the world's championship, but when the speaker is Karl Gotch, folks listen. That's because Gotch usually doesn't do much talking. He lets his cat-like actions speak for him.

A recent match with Angelo Poffo in St. Louis will serve nicely as an illustration. The bout was fairly even for a time, with both Gotch and Poffo getting in some good licks. Poffo, a strong, dangerous opponent, seemed to be taking the fight far more seriously than Gotch.

Karl, if you can believe it, was smiling. It was an infuriating situation for Poffo, for, of course, he has an impressive list of wrestlers among his victims. Once or twice it appeared that Poffo would have his vengeance as he caught Gotch and nearly pinned him. But each time Karl summoned a reserve of what seemed to be superhuman strength and broke loose.

Finally, the end came. Gotch, as though weary of the rough game with Poffo, slipped behind his opponent and picked him up with both of his muscular arms clasped across Poffo's stomach. Then, with a precision move almost too fast to be seen, Gotch threw himself over backward.

Poffo's head absorbed the force of nearly 500 pounds of crashing bodies as Gotch held on. Gotch bridged himself under Poffo's body, causing the stunned Poffo's head and shoulders to rest firmly against the canvas. The match was over.

There was no post-fight arguing with the referee after this one. Obviously, Poffo had had it. He staggered around the ring, rubbing his head and attempting to massage his neck. When Gotch attempted to aid his vanquished foe, Poffo angrily shoved him aside.

When Poffo finally climbed down from the ring and started to leave, he headed in the opposite direction from the dressing room. A policeman took the still-stunned wrestler and guided him to the proper aisle.

"That was the suplex," said Gotch afterward. "It is an old Greco-Roman hold. I suppose that you would call it my favorite, because very seldom can a man carry on if I have applied it properly. The impact of landing on one's head that way is much like an explosion."

### A MAN APART

Just the knowledge of Greco-Roman, the style of man-to-man combat developed thousands of years ago, sets Gotch apart from most of the men appearing in United States' rings these days. Karl, who is a German, learned this style the hard way.

That is getting a little ahead of our story, however. Karl Gotch has been doing things the hard way since childhood. Professional wrestling, with all its lumps and turmoil, is a relatively easy life for Karl.



He was born on August 3, 1932, in the city of Rote Erde (Red Earth) in the Black Forest section of what is now West Germany. His family soon moved to the seaport of Hamburg, however, and his father became a merchant sailor.

"I had eight years of grade school," said Gotch, "but after that I attended trade school. This is the custom in Europe. Children do not automatically go on to high school as they do here.

"Because I seemed physically able for it, I was put in blacksmith school. This had nothing to do with shoeing horses, but was concerned with making anchors and chains for large ships. Before long I was swinging a great sledgehammer against an anvil."

Sometimes in those depression days there wasn't enough blacksmithing work to keep the young apprentice busy.

"Then I would be employed as a long-shoreman, loading and unloading ships," said Gotch. "There was no loafing."

Despite this strenuous activity during the day, Gotch became interested in wrestling as a recreation. It wasn't difficult for him to find others who enjoyed the sport, because there were 37 wrestling clubs in Hamburg alone at that time.

"It is an inexpensive sport," Gotch explained, "with very little equipment needed. Times were hard and such activity appealed to many of us."

Gotch, who was big for his age and extremely agile, soon became one of the city's best matmen. This is where he first developed the Greco-Roman holds which are so helpful to him now. "I took to wrestling like a duck takes to water," said Karl. "I liked everything about it."

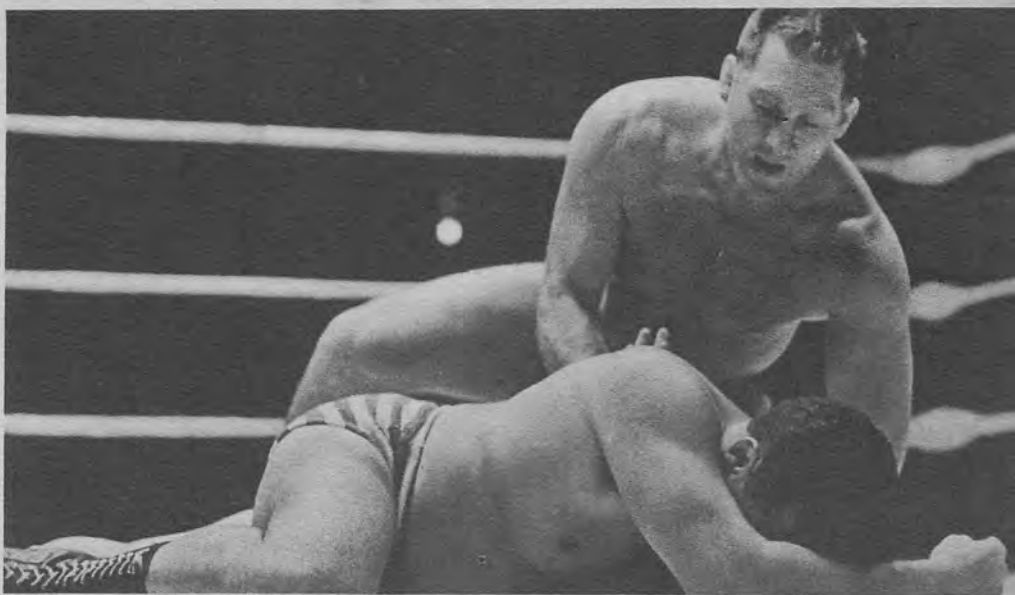
The years right after World War II ended were lean ones and food was scarce in Germany. Gotch continued to work and to wrestle, and, when he was 20, he turned professional.

"I traveled through most of Europe," he recalled. "To be honest, I was quite good. Very few opponents gave me much trouble."

Eventually Gotch heard about a wrestling school in England where he might learn more advanced techniques than he had been taught in the amateur clubs of Hamburg. He headed for England and sought out a man named Billy Riley.

"Riley is a former wrestler who fought in the United States many times in the 1930's," said Gotch. "He and his partner, Joe Robinson, were teaching other young men how to become the best. It was explained to me that the training would be very hard and that it was unlikely that I would want to stay long, but I was welcome to try."

The school was located in the town of Wigan, in the north of England, near Manchester. And only a boy who had survived the hard going of wartime Germany would not have been shocked at the crude facilities.



A STUDENT of wrestling, Karl is never satisfied with less than victory. Here . . .



HE MOVES swiftly to improve his position once he gets Angelo Poffo down. Then . . .  
THE STRENGTH of this ex-blacksmith is applied so that opponents soon lose heart.





KARL CAN throw a foe with a slight twist . . .



LIFT HIM up by flexing a muscle . . .



OR TAKE him down with a vise-like grip.

The one and only building was merely a shed, with a rubber mat on the floor and a couple of rusty showers. "We called it 'the Snake Pit,'" said Gotch, with a smile. "It wasn't much to look at."

The young huskies who endured the Snake Pit called themselves "Riley's Rebels." The tuition was the equivalent of just a few dollars a week to cover expenses, and Riley and Robinson apparently took no salary.

"Mainly, you had to have guts and quality," said Gotch. "Unless you did, they wouldn't waste their time on you. The school is located in the mining area and many very strong men would come, hoping to escape the mines by becoming wrestlers. I saw a lot of men try, but few stayed long."

#### NEW HOLDS TO LEARN

Although the physical wear and tear of Riley's school didn't distress Gotch, the superiority of the other men there was a shock to him.

"In Europe, against the club wrestlers, I had been great and seldom knew defeat," Gotch said. "But in the Snake Pit I learned about submission holds—those intended not for a pin, but to inflict so much pain that your opponent submits—and this was something new to me. Such things as a wrist lock and a crooked head scissors gave me much trouble."

Nearly six hard months elapsed before Gotch found he could hold his own against the other Riley Rebels.

"Wrestling, I learned, is like a fast game of chess," said Karl. "It is not mechanical. You must try to out-think your opponent and attempt to be a step ahead of him. There is much more than muscle required in this business."

After a time Gotch began to take on some of Europe's best wrestlers in bouts on the Continent. He continued, however, to be based at the school run by Riley and Robinson.

"I did this for nearly six years," Karl said. "I'd fight, and then go back to England to learn more. There was always something more I wanted to know. I will always be grateful to Riley and Robinson for all they did for me. I haven't been there lately, but I suppose they are still teaching."

In 1959 Gotch went to Canada for some bouts and, after a few months, he visited the United States.

"I met promoter Al Haft in Columbus, Ohio, and he persuaded me to come and live in the United States," Gotch recalled. "He said he would sponsor me. I was married by then, so I returned to England and got my wife, Ella, and my daughter, Janine. On March 15, 1960, I arrived in this country."

The exact date is important to Gotch, for he wants to become a U.S. citizen, and one must be a resident for five years before applying. In 1965 he will apply.

Gotch, who speaks good English, was asked his feelings about wrestling in the U.S.

"I have enjoyed it, of course," he replied. "My only disappointment is the strong reliance on gimmicks. I am at a disadvantage, because I don't dye my hair, I don't wear elaborate costumes and I don't have any funny names for the holds I use. My only gimmick is a knowledge of wrestling."

#### A BOUT WITH BUDDY

Despite his long and severe training period, Gotch has found some of his American opponents very difficult. Many of the top names have avoided meeting him, however. One was Buddy Rogers, and that led to one of the best known matches of the decade—but one that virtually nobody saw.

This was in September, 1962, and Rogers was then world's champion. He and Gotch were scheduled to be on the same program at the Coliseum in Columbus, Ohio. Consequently they met in the dressing room.

Gotch spoke of the encounter reluctantly, but finally he said that he had asked Rogers, "Why are you ducking me?"

Gotch was angry not only because Rogers seemed to be avoiding a match with him, but because Karl also believed that Rogers had been responsible for him not getting matches in certain other cities.

"One word led to another and then we were going at each other," Gotch said.

He was asked if anyone had inter-

vened.

"No, everybody cleared out within seconds," Gotch answered. "Our fight lasted only a few minutes. Rogers suffered an elbow injury and we quit."

Rogers, it may be remembered, was out of action for some weeks after that, and had to cancel several bouts.

Gotch's heroes include some of the greatest names in wrestling history. Lou Thesz is near the top of his list.

"Thesz really knows wrestling," Gotch said. "Also, he is a fine gentleman. He doesn't have any gimmicks either, but he does well."

Other Gotch heroes include Strangler Lewis, Ray Steele, Ed Santell and John Pesek. Pesek is virtually his idol, and Gotch carries his photo inside his suitcase. "I hope the style made popular by these men comes back some day," said Karl.

#### HINDUS AND PANTHERS

Gotch is a strong believer in physical conditioning and his exercises are those developed by the Hindus. In England he met a Hindu named Akra Rasul, who taught training methods some 3,000 years old.

"The Hindus are great wrestlers," Gotch pointed out. "It is almost a national sport with them. They are smooth and powerful and they move like big panthers."

Gotch varies his training, of course, and does much roadwork and gymnastics, particularly on the rings. For a man who is 6-2 and who weighs 245 pounds, Karl is remarkably quick. To improve his reflexes, though, he is taking up handball.

Karl and his family live in Reynoldsburg, Ohio, near Columbus. He expects to be in the ring for many more years, but then he would like to become a teacher of amateur wrestlers. Karl, by the way, is not related to the late Frank Gotch, a fine wrestler of other years.

His prime goal now is to become a United States citizen. As he discussed this event, he pointed to the gold German eagle that he wears on the back of his otherwise black jacket.

"Then I will change this to an American eagle," he said.



## Antonino Rocca

around New York. In a port city of Venezuela the boatmen want me to take a prize pig. They think I will go hungry here.

### HERO TO THOUSANDS

But, after all my travels, I must say my warmest friends are the Puerto Rican people in New York. Or maybe I should say I feel warmest towards them. They have no hero of their own, these thousands and thousands of poor people. So I organize fan clubs by the dozen. I run parties for the children and I give them toys. When I am walking in their neighborhood and I see a Good Humor man, I buy ice cream for all the children I can get together.

On my daily radio program (WHOM) I talk sports, but I also say to the Puerto Rican people, "If you have problems, come to me." When they need jobs, they call me. When a woman has trouble with her husband, she asks me to talk to him. I stop fights in the streets, I arrange for poor people to see important doctors and I pay the fees.

I am invited to hundreds of fiestas, weddings and christenings. I go to some. But I read, or have somebody read, every one of the 600 letters I receive each month.

I get tremendous satisfaction from doing something for a person who probably never even expected I would read his or her letter.

Another interesting thing about my mail. Often it includes a letter by a man or woman apologizing for some wrong they did me. I'm not surprised either. Since the moment that incident happened I knew they were ashamed and sooner or later would have to get it out of their system.

How can I be so sure of what is going on inside of them? It is a gift. It is an instinct I have. In a sense, it is a supernatural power. I am a great student of the human mind and the human body. It started when I was a student at the University of Rosario in Argentina. My major was electrical engineering but my deepest interests were psychology and physiology.

I discovered that the brain amounts to an electrical switchboard, interconnected within itself, as well as with other parts of the body. Once you get an understanding of its fundamental principles, you know pretty much how any individual is going to act and react; how much he will be governed by greed or selfishness, and how much he will be motivated by concern for others.

I don't say I can change people as a result of knowing this. What this knowledge does is to give me a way to protect

myself when others are bent on hurting me. Because I see through petty plots, I plan beyond and above them. I know my enemies and how to deal with them.

That's why, as I launch my fight for a new order in wrestling, I am confident I will finish on top.

For one thing, I am still the country's best-known and best-loved wrestler. During my absence from New York rings there were constant inquiries which embarrassed those who put up the "iron curtain." The public was puzzled and angry at being deprived of the man in whom they had the greatest faith.

Now, with my television appearances and the opportunity to see me in person at Sunnyside, the people can see for themselves what has been going on, and they will express their feelings, I'm sure, in more ways than one.

I also know I will not disappoint them when they watch me wrestle. Physically I am stronger and more forceful than ever before. And I have a mission. I will not be wrestling for myself alone. I will be opening a new world for young wrestlers. Mr. Anagnostopulos is in this venture not merely to make money. He is in it as a genuine sportsman who wants to improve opportunities for a new generation of athletes. He comes in prepared to spend for the future. The best kind of future—a future with honesty and decency.

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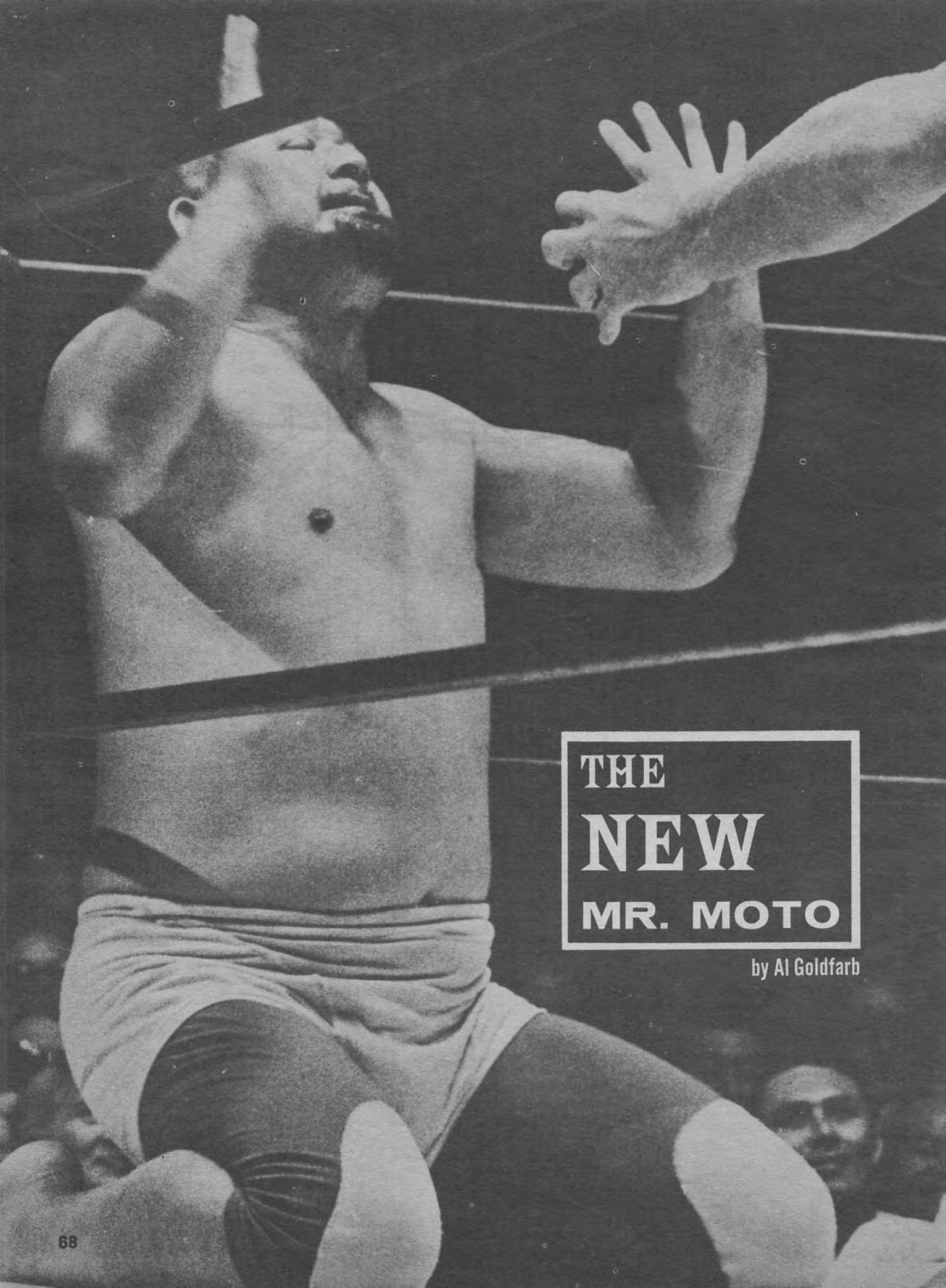
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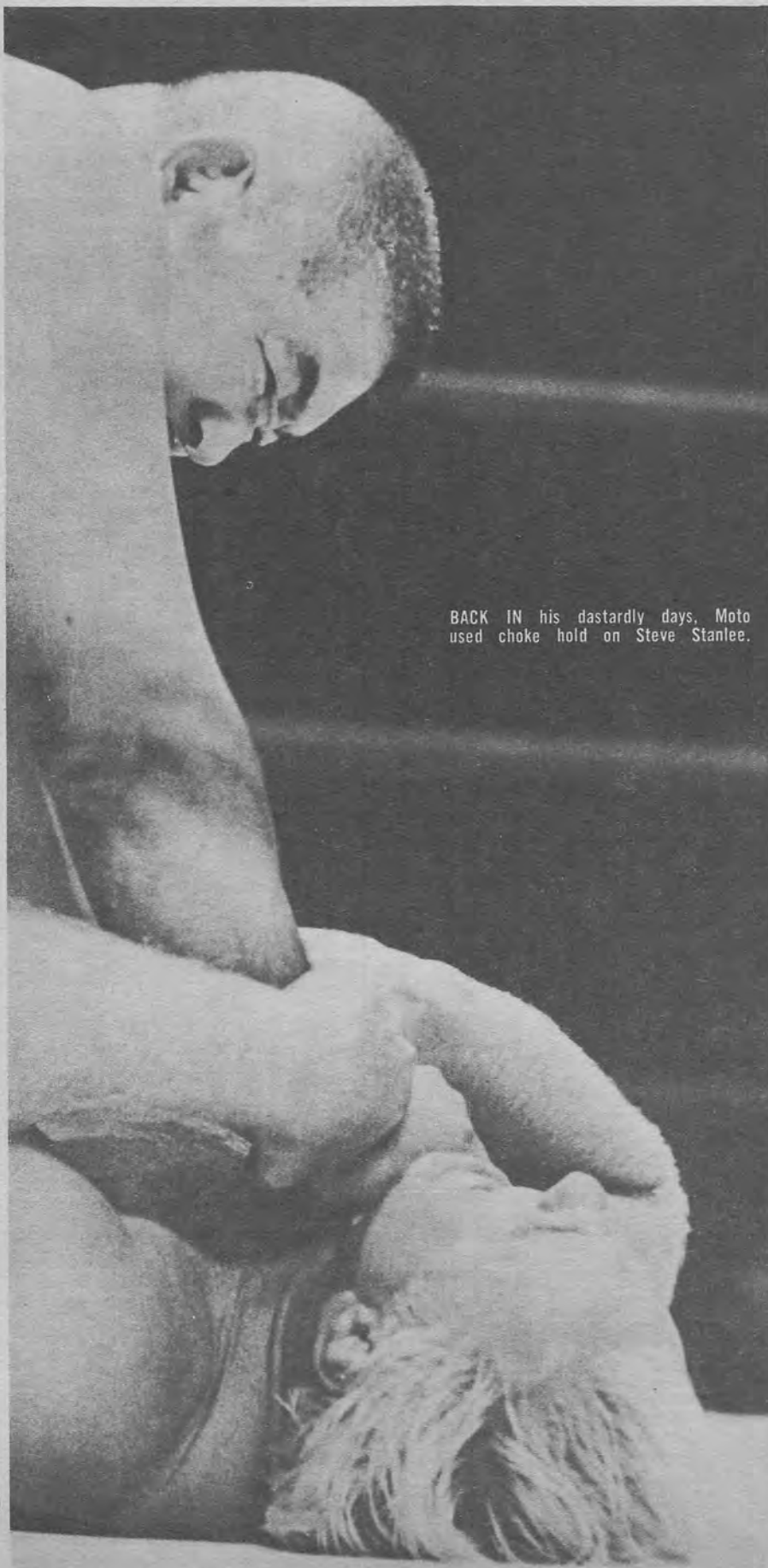
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# A mean, much-hated mat monster for 12 years, this Japanese sumo master has done a startling about face



BACK IN his dastardly days, Moto used choke hold on Steve Stanlee.

**C**HANGE comes to all things, even wrestlers. Take Masaru Iwamoto, for example. As Mr. Moto, his professional name, people hated him. Matter of fact, he hated himself.

That's all changed now, but it took a long time—12 years to be exact—and a great deal of personal turmoil. But change it did, and here's how it came about.

For the first dozen years of his wrestling career in this country, Mr. Moto was booed, hissed, cursed, vilified and ridiculed by the fans. They even questioned his ancestry, racially and otherwise.

But, in a sense, he asked for it. He was the type of wrestler who could always be counted upon to sneak in a vicious, illegal punch when the referee's back was turned; thus, it was only natural that wrestling faps came to regard him as a villain.

This was his reputation and, outwardly at least, he seemed to be able to live with it. But inside, Mr. Moto seethed with anxieties. On one hand, he earned a good living in the role of "bad guy," but, on the other, he was miserable. He yearned to be accepted and admired, yet it was impossible. His reputation preceded him wherever he went, and, inner feelings or not, Moto lived up to it to the "worst" of his ability.

At social gatherings, there were those who shunned him. On the street, there were many who went out of their way to make nasty remarks. Even his best friends were hard put at times to account for his outrageous behavior in the ring. In short, the Moto "image" was a dishonorable one, and no one, not even his five sons, wanted to be associated with it.

## DR. JEKYLL WAS LIKED

Throughout all of these painful years, Moto suffered mentally. He wanted to speak out and tell people he wasn't really the ignoble person they were led to believe. He was a veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, except, of course, that people liked Dr. Jekyll.

One day last year, while walking along the street in Los Angeles, a group of Japanese youngsters spotted him and decided to express their feelings. They taunted him, dancing along behind. That did it! Moto decided right then and there he was going to change. He loathed this rejection; he longed to be accepted.

Slowly but surely, a "new" Moto was created. The monster had reformed. It wasn't easy, but then again, what does come easy to a monster?

In the ring, the "new" Mr. Moto switched tactics. He went out of his way to be fair with his opponent. And, much to his surprise, he found himself calling not on foul play and questionable strategy, but on strength and determination to dispose of his adversaries.

The change was spotted immediately by the fans at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Was this the same Moto who had drawn cat-calls in the past? Not on your Oriental life! Instead of jeers, he heard cheers.





NOW REFORMED, Moto is polite in ring . . .



FINDS JOY in hailing victory cheers . . .



AND ASSURES fans he is fair and square.

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**AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS  
ON OR ABOUT  
JANUARY 9**



IN CLOSE quarters, the "old" Mr. Moto . . .



CHOPS viciously to break free, but . . .



WINDS UP on mat as Steve Stanlee wins.

This made him happy, and pushed him on to new heights. He found himself conquering opponents, which he also did as a villain, but now victory had a certain, satisfying beauty; namely, acceptance and approval by the public.

A Moto fan club sprung up and hundreds of followers climbed on the bandwagon. He was a hero over night.

The night he wrestled "bad man" Fred Blassie in L.A. before a sellout Olympic crowd, the old auditorium vibrated with cheers—cheers for Moto. It was an unusual match because Moto and Blassie each had one of their hands tied together by a long cord, a throw-back to the ancient Oriental custom. The object, according to Moto, was to prevent Blassie from crawling off the ring apron.

Moto lost the match—on a referee's decision—and this infuriated the highly-partisan crowd. Fans were incensed with the verdict, but, in a way, Moto emerged as a new hero. Since that match last year, Moto has been a "good guy," and it has altered his outlook on life immeasurably.

## UNBELIEVABLE DIFFERENCE

"Since I have changed my ways," Moto says, "I have benefitted a great deal. I have friends I never had before. People who are complete strangers rush up to me and shake my hand. The difference is unbelievable."

Asked why he changed tactics, Moto replied: "I was a bad guy for 12 years but I was blinded by evil. Then suddenly, I saw the light. Little children begged me to be nice. That's why I decided to change. I saw the light."

Moto is the first one to admit he should have converted 12 years ago.

"It makes me feel warm all over when little kids cheer for me and run up to pat me on the back," he says. "Older people love me so much that I want to continue pleasing them."

This sudden burst of attention has provided Moto with a new outlook on life.

"Even my former enemies now like me," he says. "All this attention brings tears to my eyes."

As one must imagine, turning over a new leaf in pro wrestling isn't the easiest thing in the world to do. His new attitude confused many of his opponents. They would look for an eye-gouging or kick to a vulnerable part of the body, but it never came.

"Now, I believe in fighting fair," says Mr. Moto.

Despite Moto's change of heart, there are two things that compel him to revert to his old style in the ring. The first is when somebody yanks his stubby black beard, and the second is when his opponent calls him a "dirty Jap."

"If anybody stoops so low to make slurs on my Oriental background," he explains, "then I feel justified in using illegal techniques. After all, I can't let my fans down. They pay to see me win."

In a recent match against Blassie, who at the time was reigning champion on



the West Coast, Moto was stung by a blistering verbal attack. Immediately, the kind, honest Moto became a madman. He flew into a rage, and resembled the Mr. Moto the public had learned to boo before.

He chopped at Blassie with vicious karate blows; hit him in the kidneys with his fist; used judo to toss Blassie to the canvas, and slammed his elbow into Blassie's nose. Understandably stunned, Blassie reeled under this relentless attack.

"I took it as long as I could," Moto says, "then I felt I owed it to my fans to fight Blassie on his dirty terms. He's too smart a wrestler, but someday he'll make a mistake and somebody will beat him. I hope it's me."

### ALONE NO MORE

Looking back on his past, Moto sums up his feelings this way:

"As a villain in the ring, wrestling fans and even the referee were against me. Nobody helped me. I was all alone. But, now that I have so many fans who love me, I have a better chance to win. That's what I want, and it makes me happy."

As far as his beard is concerned, Moto decided to give his opponents less of a hold by trimming it considerably. He refuses to shave it completely, because he feels it is part of his "image" before the public. With his crew-cut, mustache and beard, Moto is a familiar figure.

"Why should I get rid of it?" he asks. "It's part of my personality."

He shows nothing but great contempt for the opponent who trifles with his beard.

"A few karate chops to the neck and back usually straightens them out," he grins, swinging his big hands at an imaginary opponent.

Moto, who was born in Kumamoto, Japan, lived in Hawaii for a good many years of his life. There he learned the honorable sport of sumo wrestling, taught by some Japanese "masters." With his great speed and strength, Moto won the sumo championship of Hawaii and ruled the islands for almost 10 years.

He weighed a mere 210 pounds, a lightweight in the sumo world of 300-pounders. However, sumo wrestling is based primarily on balance and speed, and Moto was blessed with both, which accounts for his tremendous success.

One finds it difficult, however to eat success. There was no money in sumo wrestling, so Moto took up the American game, came to the States, and became a "bad guy."

Recently, Moto scaled the heights by teaming with Bearcat Wright to wrest the tag-team championship from Don Manoukian and The Destroyer. While being a tag-team champion isn't exactly the same as owning a clear cut individual title, it nevertheless is a source of pride to Moto.

"It gives me a great feeling of satisfaction to be associated as a champion," he says. "It took me 13 years to get where I am, but I'm not through trying yet."

*continued on page 74*

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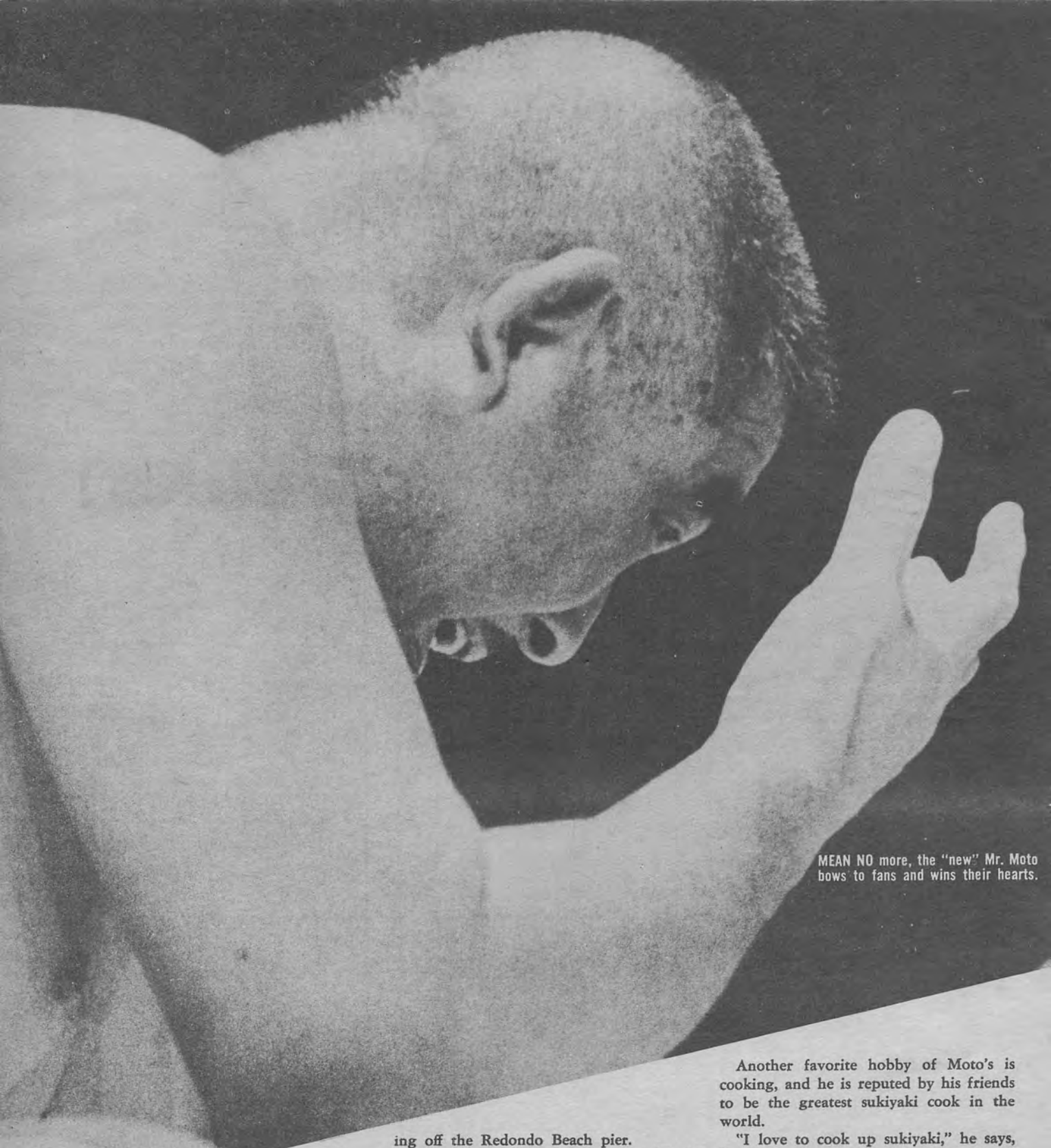
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MEAN NO more, the "new" Mr. Moto bows to fans and wins their hearts.

### STRENGTH AND WISDOM

Moto relies on his strength and ring wisdom these days, and he wouldn't be the least bit surprised if he gets another crack at the title. If he does, he feels confident he can win.

"I've got the fans on my side now," he says with a smile.

When Moto isn't wrestling, he likes to escape realism by spending his time fish-

ing off the Redondo Beach pier.

"It's amazing how relaxing I find it," he says. "It's a good feeling to be free, and waiting for a little fish to bite. When I land one, it gives me great pleasure. I'd like to suggest fishing for everybody."

Moto is a familiar figure at Redondo Beach these days. When he trots along the wooden pier, he is greeted by friends and well-wishers who by now have come to admire him.

"When I'm fishing, wrestling is the last thing on my mind," he explains. "I'm completely alone with my thoughts."

Another favorite hobby of Moto's is cooking, and he is reputed by his friends to be the greatest sukiyaki cook in the world.

"I love to cook up sukiyaki," he says, "because I enjoy watching my friends devour it. I hate to brag, but they tell me that even in Japan they can't match mine."

Moto learned how to cook from his dad, who owned a small restaurant in Hawaii.

Whether it is fishing or cooking, Moto finds life can be beautiful these days.

"Even my own family can stomach me," he says. "They're all happy about the 'new' Moto. This is the greatest. I wouldn't change for anything."

## NO HOLDS BARRED

... Brute Bernard appearing as a single. ... He just missed licking Bruno Sammartino recently. ... Baltimore shows average 7,000 at the Civic Center. ... Fred Blassie and The Destroyer traded wins last month. ... Judy Grable getting the nod as the next women's champ. ... Gentleman Saul Weingeroff has dared Red Berry to bring his Great Mortier down South to face the Von Brauner twins.

An Altoona, Pa., fan writes me that he's sore because I never described the mat warfare out there. ... Sorry, but I'll try to swing North on my next trip. ... I visited mat shows in Las Vegas, Reno, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Miami, and Puerto Rico on my fall trip. ... Whatever happened to Ike Eakins? ... Czya Nandor off to Europe. ... Villainous Mark Lewin heading East. ... My old pal Ricki Starr wants to clear commitments and return to New York to work for Manny Hecklein. ... Starr and Rocca were an unbeaten team some years ago. ... Karl Von Hess remains the most durable man in that squared circle today. ... The Federal Communications Commission keeping a strict eye on TV mat shows. ... Bearcat Wright off to Houston. ... Where are the Tolos Brothers? ... Yukon Eric holding his own in Buffalo. ... Insiders expect Gagne to beat Thesz within the year. ... Who is the Scorpion? ... Regards to Canadian TV announcer Ernie Roth. ... Why don't you fans tell us who your favorite mat commentator is? ... Drop me a line, care of our offices at the Empire State Building, with your choice.



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## TIM WOODS

house in Madison Square Garden, Tim was wrestling one of the better bad men in the business in Brute Bernard. Tim was well ahead when the two collided in a bruising billiard-ball bounce off the ropes. Stunned, both went down and out. Enraged at the turn of events, Bernard turned mean and took a swing at Tim. A vicious overhand right connected, opening a one-inch gash over Tim's left eye.

Our man from Michigan reacted like it was give-away day at the First National and it was first-come, last-served. An instant flush of anger crossed his face causing the blood which was streaming down his cheek to blend into the background. He rushed at Bernard with his fists ready, but the Brute saw Tim coming and he wanted no part of him. His exit is best described as abrupt.

"What do you say to a guy who cuts you when you see him next time?" Tim was asked.

"I won't say a thing," said Tim coolly. "Of course if he speaks to me, well maybe that's something different. In any case, we're paid to wrestle in the ring, not out of it."

Does getting paid mean that much to him?

"Not really," said Tim. "You get a lot of satisfaction from the sport itself. This isn't just brute strength you know, or

maybe I'd better qualify that. I lost to Gorilla Monsoon early in my career and then that's what beat me, his power. Still, I dropped only about six matches in my first year, but most of those were the result of inexperience. I honestly think that on the basis of skill and competence, I should have won them. I know one thing; I'd win them today."

## SOMETHING NEW

Besides learning his trade, Tim has tried to add something to the sport in the past year.

"I've developed an original hold," he said and the slight dimple in his chin swelled with pride. "I call it the reverse-standing-cradle, and as far as I know I'm the only wrestler using it today."

He was asked to elaborate on the hold.

"I actually discovered it by accident," he said. "I found that when a man is kicking to get out of a pinning hold, that by putting my body in a vertical position, I could use not only the strength in my arms, but my entire body weight to pin my opponent."

"How's that again?" he was asked.

"Well, it's hard to explain, but basically I use my arms to double up my opponent so that his head is between his knees. Then, by manipulating my body weight so that I'm directly over him in the air, I can pin his shoulder blades to the mat. Want me to demonstrate?"

If he hadn't smiled, it would have been the quickest interview on record.

"How about your wife, does she like wrestling?" he was asked in a quick change of subject.

"Oh you mean Tiger," Tim said.

"Tiger?"

"Well, that's what I call her," said Tim laughing. "Her name is actually Joan. She's a beautiful girl (you'd better believe this too), but she's more my fan than wrestling's. I like it that way."

Joan, a stunning blonde, travels with Tim around the country. A good share of the time they drive, but often the schedule demands they fly. To date, Tim has worked mainly in the Midwest and the East. With an ever-growing number of impressive victories, chances are he'll be working coast-to-coast in the near future.

"What I'd really like to do right now," he said, "is to find a good tag-team partner. It would have to be someone like myself, in good physical condition and a good scientific wrestler as well. Together, I think we could form an unbeatable combination."

That, however, is but one of Tim Woods' goals.

"Someday," he says intently, "I'd like to be world's champion."

And after that, what then? Back to the trees?

"After that? There's nothing after that," said Tim with a confident smile. "That's the best you can get, and that's what I want."

He seems to stand a good chance of getting it too. He may be square, but when it comes to muscles, that's good.

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Halsion  
By ALLAN



## RIP HAWK

new in wrestling despite what we hear and read," he said. "From the time the sport started, experts dedicated themselves to improving and perfecting it. The best we can do now is study all standard techniques and borrow what fits us best."

### A SUGGESTION FROM SWEDE

Until a year ago he had never wrestled in a tag match. "I often wondered what changes I'd have to make in my style in a tag match. Then, down in Charlotte, N.C., I ran into Swede. He suggested we try working together."

"I had my doubts about whether I could adjust, but Swede said, 'There's nothing to it; just keep on as before and you'll find it's no different.' Well, he was right. After two or three matches together, I was completely at home—and just doing my regular stuff."

As a unit, Hawk and Hanson adhere to an aggressive pattern and they've created quite a stir, especially in Mexico City and Toronto. "The Mexicans don't understand it's a case of dog-eat-dog," Rip observed. "We have to get the local favorites before they get us. So they boo and scream, then try to attack us when we leave the ring." He added: "In Canada I think they just resent our winning. They don't blow their tops, but there's a coldness that you feel from the moment you enter the club until you leave."

Hawk reported they get their best reception in southern cities, notably Norfolk and Charlotte. "We are just as rough there as anywhere else," he said. "But they appreciate us. We confine our roughness to the other team. I never touched a referee as a single and I haven't as a tag wrestler. Once you do that, you destroy the referee's authority. And fans want action, not confusion."

Many wrestlers have yearnings to go to glamorous spots overseas. There are tempting bookings in Europe and the Far East. But Rip has no plans to leave this continent. "I don't need excitement to keep me happy," he stressed. "I enjoy being with my wife and youngster. And, by this time, almost every place we go to on tour in the U.S. is familiar to me. In other words, you could say I'm at home away from home."

At the same time, Rip conceded, he's thinking about the day when he'll have a permanent home. "It's all right for my boy to be with us around the country at this age," he said, "but pretty soon he'll be going to school and you can't do that out of the trunk of a car."

He aims to settle in Texas, "probably around Houston." He pointed out: "It's a good place to wrestle out of and there are lots of opportunities for business. I might open up some drive-in restaurants."

But, until Rip wraps it up, you will see him carrying on as a captivating contradiction—a roughneck who believes in being a gentleman.

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## MASKED TERROR

He was an outstanding college football player and an amateur wrestling champion. He also excelled in track, swimming, hockey and baseball.

"If I mentioned his name, you'd know him right away," adds Angelo. "I got to be careful what I say."

As Angelo tells it, The Terror attended a major university where wrestling was a big sport. He did so well that he was besieged with offers to turn pro. The professional football scouts were after him, too, but The Terror had promised his parents he would continue his studies until he got his law degree. After doing so, however, he decided to try wrestling. But, not wanting his folks to feel badly, he put on a mask.

"The first time I saw him, I knew I was looking at the kind of a wrestler who comes along about once in a century," explains Angelo. "I was wrestling on the same card, and all the fellows in the dressing room were talking about this mysterious masked man. I had to go out and watch him."

"I was completely unprepared for what I saw. This guy made moves I had not seen in the ring in years. He was supple and thoughtful and he knew every hold in the book, plus a few that he must have just made up himself. I figured, then, that a young fellow like that, with the right guidance, could go to the top fast and stay there."

"I kept running into him at wrestling arenas across the country, and the more I saw him, the better I liked him. I began to forget my own ambitions, and to think about what a great combination we would make."

"What heart that guy has! I've seen nights when the referee was down on him, and the other wrestler was getting

away with murder. The fans were screaming for his blood, and he had no one on his side. Yet he never quit. He would keep coming back stronger than ever. Nobody could stand against the terrible fury of his attack."

## DESTINY MAKES A MANAGER

At the time, Angelo had been wrestling for a dozen years. He was a sturdy, rough-tough battler, respected by promoters who knew that he always provided action. But nobody knew better than Angelo that he was never going to set the wrestling world on fire.

"I saw that The Terror could be all the things I'd dreamed about," says Angelo. "I knew I was never going to make it big myself, but I began to feel that I was destined to do great things as his manager. When I saw the right opportunity, I put the matter to him and he accepted. That was less than a year ago, yet already he is recognized as the uncrowned champion of the world. And this is just the beginning."

Angelo handles all The Terror's business interests. He advises the big guy upon investments and matters of personal behavior. He signs all The Terror's wrestling contracts, and promoters across the country agree that he is a hard bargainer. He travels constantly with The Terror, even supervising what he eats, where he goes and what he does when he is away from the ring.

When Angelo decides The Terror should work out in the gym, the big guy does it. The manager dictates how he must travel, where he will stay, what kind of clothes he will wear.

"This is a real partnership," Angelo says. "We work together. He is a nut on speed. He loves sports cars, and loves to drive go-carts. I let him. He has to have some outlets."

## PROFIT FROM A HANDSHAKE

Their partnership has become a big, profitable business, but they have no written contract to bind them together. Their pact was sealed simply by a handshake. Since Angelo took charge of The Terror's affairs, he says, they have traveled to most of the great wrestling centers of the world—Great Britain, Europe, India, Japan, wherever wrestling flourishes.

"I can't think of another wrestler I would want to manage," Angelo relates. "So many young fellows today think that all they need to become a wrestler is a good physique and a pair of trunks. This fellow has a wonderful background in wrestling. He was an amateur champion, and he wrestled for four years on his college varsity team. You'd be surprised at the big amateur titles he held."

How does Angelo operate when he is in The Terror's corner? Do they map out their campaigns in advance? How does he signal his orders to The Terror?

"The Terror says he just wouldn't feel right if he couldn't look over and see me in his corner," Angelo declares, with satisfaction. "I give him confidence, be-

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cause he knows that I believe in him. And, as often as not, I'm the only man in the whole arena who is his friend.

"We don't try to figure things out in advance, because the unexpected is always popping up in wrestling. We take things as they come. I have worked out our own system of signals, and I'm not tipping it off, now or ever. Rival wrestlers would love to find out how I signal him, but they never will. Nobody is going to break our code.

"A good corner man can help his wrestler a lot. He's got his hands full in the ring, and he can't see everything that is going on. That is where I come in.

"I try to spot the other guy's weaknesses. I analyze the opponent's style. Then I signal The Terror how he can suddenly throw his strength against the other fellow's weakness and, bang, it's all over.

"I never get into the ring if I see my man is getting a decent break. If we have a referee who lets 'em go at it and doesn't bother much about the rules, that's all right but only as long as he treats both wrestlers alike. The Terror can wrestle scientifically, in the best Greco-Roman style, or he can get in there and slug it out with his opponent. He can take care of himself.

"But when we get one of those referees who listens to the crowd and tries to give the more popular guy all the breaks, I see red. I complain, and point out how unfair this is. If nothing else does any good, I get in there and give my man a hand. He can lick anybody on earth, but I don't expect him to whip the other guy and the referee, too."

Angelo regrets that he must stand between The Terror and his public—if he has a public. The squat, tank-like manager says that The Terror has a magnetic personality. He is a good talker and a very pleasant young man—when he isn't trying to take somebody apart in the ring, that is.

#### THE TERROR TAKES A BRIDE

"He's a great guy, and he likes people. We travel together constantly, and he is my best friend. I wish everyone knew him as well as I do, but he doesn't want anyone to know who he is, so I have to keep him away from the crowd. Maybe some day, when he is recognized as the world's best wrestler, his parents will change their minds. If that ever happens—and I'm not counting on it—the mask will come off."

Although The Terror follows Angelo's advice in everything else, he defied his mentor recently in one important matter—he went and got married.

The Terror showed excellent judgment in selecting a bride, but Angelo opposed the union because he thinks it is better for a wrestler not to be burdened with domestic worries. Still, he has accepted the situation gracefully.

"You can't fight love," he philosophizes. "I'm the world's greatest manager, but even I can't beat Dan Cupid."

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## The Lady Is A Champ

way:

"I love Toscanini—his music reminds me of Rocca's wrestling. Rocca wrestles to Toscanini's beat. Such music they make!"

One gets the impression she would like to put Rembrandt, Rocca and Toscanini on the same "bill" with maybe Tchaikovsky and Chopin thrown in to fill out the card. The way she says it, makes it sound like quite an attraction.

But Mrs. A. is more than a collection of interests. She is, as she says, "100 percent woman, who loves being a housewife."

"I am a good housekeeper, too," she said. "I have a nice home, a beautiful apartment in Forest Hills. I have things to do in my house every day. And I am a wonderful cook."

"My husband doesn't like restaurants, so I make dinner at home every night. We have many friends and they are always coming to dinner. I like this very much, because I take great joy in entertaining. I love to do all these things because it is part of being a woman."

"And, of course," she adds, the smile breaking into a hearty laugh, "I especially love business."

At this moment Mr. Anagnostopulos joined us. "Did my wife tell you she's a good cook?" he asked.

"What did you have for dinner tonight?" we asked.

"Fried chicken. And it was wonderful," he replied with pleasure.

Mary wasn't completely satisfied that fried chicken was a true measure of her worth as a cook.

"Oh, it was nothing," she said quickly. "I can make really special Greek dishes, I am an international cook and I understand gourmet food. You come to dinner and you will see."

After a private and hasty consultation with his wife, Mr. A. left us to continue our discussion.

Realizing that we might lose Mary to the more urgent demands of wrestling promotions, we asked the following questions quickly. And without elaboration Mary shot back these answers:

"Do you have children?"

"I have one son. He is 20 years old."

"If your son wanted to be a wrestler, would you approve?"

"He is free to do what he wants."

"Do you have an interest in any other sport?"

"I play tennis."

"Are you interested in clothes?"

"I like clothes. I wear only black, white or pale colors. I am romantic and colorful inside, but not outside."

Our impression of Mary could not be altered by the last response. She is a vivid personality with a sure theatrical flair in her thinking, her speech and in her appearance. She is a gift-wrapped package of intelligent femininity and her feeling for color and "no-color" merely emphasizes her knowledge of the best in theatre.

Although Mary is a "career woman" she does not belong to that contingent of working ladies who are competing with men. Believing that the woman is the power behind the throne, she evidences a happy security in her prowess. Whatever subject is discussed, she maintains the aware woman's point of view. Mary, if the truth be told, agrees with all the gentlemen who agree with Rodgers and Hammerstein that "There Is Nothing Like A Dame."

As our interview ended, Mary asked with real disappointment, "Don't you want to know how old I am?"

Figuring that wasn't a lady-like question, even lady-to-lady, we suggested that we keep her public guessing. But in the style of a good wrestler, and a true champion, Mary chose decisive action.

"I want everyone to know that I was born on the 28th of August, 1927," she said proudly.

If Mary's any indication, it must be a good year for babies.

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## THE GALLAGHERS

name I am not at liberty to reveal, but who is world-famous in the women's dress field."

### GLAMOUR GLITTER

The outfits, for those in the crowd who have never seen the Gallaghers, are white metallic satin, trimmed in red sequins with rhinestones on the belt. They look especially rich, and the Gallaghers wear them like the Hope Diamond.

They are a strutting pair of performers in the ring, but they are also rough customers. For one thing, Mike is partial to biting when the referee is not looking, while Doc is a good solid wrestler with all the basic holds and a few mean twists. Then, of course, there is "The Blinder" for which there is no defense.

The average foe, having been given the thumbs once or twice, is so woozy that when he staggers to a corner for relief, he will often wind up in the wrong corner, where the "other" Gallagher gives him a double dose of instant sightlessness. After having scored a victory, which is the normal course of events—seeing as how the Gallaghers are as good as they are—the boys prance around the ring, holding their thumbs on high, like trophies. It's quite a show, provided of course, you're not squeamish about such things.

They have one other trade mark, aside from "The Blinder." That is their socks. Each wears one red sock on the right foot and a white sock on the left. The explanation?

"One night," said Mike, shoving his face about an inch from the reporter's nose, "we were in this match very early in our career. This other team began to abuse us terribly. I'd hate to tell you the things they did to us.

"Finally, we decided to get even, and we used a secret hold that requires the vicious application of the right foot. This not only stopped our opponents, but it caused them to bleed quite freely. Naturally the right sock got bloody. Well, so many people were passing out from the sight of all that blood, we decided that in the future we would wear red socks on the right foot so the customers wouldn't be aware of the blood and wouldn't get sick."

"That sounds like a lot of . . ."

"What did you say?" asked Mike, ominously.

"Didn't quite catch those words, but they sounded hostile," said Doc, sounding hostile himself.

"Nothing, boys, nothing at all," said the reporter, beating a fast retreat.

So you can see how it went. One can "kid" the Gallaghers, and they'll kid you back, but it only goes so far. In short, it's a thin line, and one's wise not to cross it. After all, who needs "The Blinder"?

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Figure Slimmer is wonderful for that falling-apart back feeling. Its firm, gentle compressing action makes you feel good and secure.



**Appear Inches Slimmer**  
Figure Slimmer flattens your front and takes in inches off your appearance. Clothes will look well on you now!

### Adjustable

Figure Slimmer's adjustable feature makes it easy for you to have a small waistline look. Trousers now look good and fit swell. You can take yourself in more inches if you wish, with this novel adjustable feature. Try 10 days!

\*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

## TRY 10 DAYS FREE

Ward Green Co., 43 W. 61 St., N.Y. 23 Dept. FS-352  
Rush for ten days approval the new Figure Slimmer. After wearing for ten days, I can return it for full refund of purchase price if not satisfied.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman plus postage.  
☐ I enclose \$3.49. Send it prepaid. (\$3.98 for waist 46 and up.) EXTRA crotch piece, 50¢ each.

My waist measure is.....inches.

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....





# BOYS! MEN! I'LL HELP YOU MASTER YUBIWAZA\*

— says N.J. FLEMING — YUBIWAZA MASTER

\*(YUBIWAZA IS THE SECRET, AMAZINGLY EASY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE THAT TURNS JUST ONE FINGER OR YOUR HANDS INTO A POTENT WEAPON OF DEFENSE—WITHOUT ANY BODILY CONTACT...)

In just 2 hours after you receive "YUBIWAZA" you will be on your way to being an invincible Yubiwaza Master, at home, this Fast, EASY picture way or it costs you nothing.



## WHAT YUBIWAZA CAN

11:05 P.M.—You return from dance. Hoodlums throw insulting remarks to your date.

## DO FOR YOU IN JUST A FEW SECONDS

11:06 P.M.—They attack you with fists and bottles. You counterattack with YUBIWAZA...

## 11:06 P.M. PLUS 7 SECONDS

— You are untouched—while every hoodlum is on the run

The VITAL Decision is YOURS to make! Which shall it be? ☐ To play it "chicken" by running away? ☐ Be a "hothead" and be beaten up? ☐ Mail coupon now and be prepared with Yubiwaza to send your attackers flying!

I'M A 3rd-DEGREE HOLDER OF THE BLACK BELT—SYMBOL OF HIGH PROFICIENCY IN THE JAPANESE SYSTEM OF SELF-DEFENSE THAT USES NO WEAPONS BUT BARE HANDS. I spent many years in Japan learning these little-known SECRETS. The most amazingly effective of all Self-Defense techniques that stood out in ALL my Japanese Training is contained in my AMAZING new Yubiwaza book—all yours to have if you ACT NOW. YUBIWAZA is the name of a fantastic system of Self-Defense that makes use of an EASY-to-Learn knowledge of vital body areas and the techniques of the use of just ONE Finger or the entire hand to counteract & overcome ANY violent attack. It is commonly known that with the aid of Yubiwaza, young men—and girls, too!—with only a few hours of training, turn back 2, 3 and even 4 attackers—temporarily DISABLING ONE, putting another to flight, making a third howl with pain, while the fourth begged his opponent to stop!

## NOW YOU TOO CAN LEARN YUBIWAZA!

The experts in Japan, who know and teach these ONE-finger techniques, have now explained that YUBIWAZA is a centuries-old system of Self-Defense which is so simple and so effective that outsiders were never instructed in its use. The system was restricted to Japanese who SWORE to apply these methods only in time of danger and attack by an aggressor. Many of the very techniques in my Yubiwaza book, once highly guarded secrets of the ancient Samurai warriors never shown to outsiders are now shown to you—FIRST time!

EASY -- And I am now ready to show you, too, through clear, easy-to-understand photos, every secret. I guarantee to make you a YUBIWAZA specialist in hours—or every cent you paid will be refunded. You don't have to attend my school where I train beginners like you and turn them into experts. Now I can show you how to practice YUBIWAZA in the privacy of your own home with only a few minutes of practice a day. I'll show you how to defend yourself against hoodlums, bullies, "wise guys" and juvenile delinquents who respect neither lives nor property. When you apply YUBIWAZA methods, you can cut an aggressor down with JUST ONE FINGER! You can disarm an opponent rushing you with his fists, a broken bottle, a revolver or any kind of bludgeon. You can turn an aggressor's attack into your advantage with only one finger or your bare hands. No matter how "hot" the action gets, YUBIWAZA keeps you "on top." You can apply simple pressure of your finger against any one of a dozen or more vital nerve centers of your opponent and watch his gun or knife fall from his limp hand while he himself sinks to the ground completely helpless and faint. If the neighborhood bully pushes you, you

"I WEIGH ONLY 98 LBS. — YET I CAN PARALYZE A 200 POUND ATTACKER WITH JUST A FINGER — BECAUSE I KNOW YUBIWAZA!"

says Yoshie Imanami —  
Pretty Japanese wife of N.J. Fleming — Yubiwaza Master



can make him say "uncle" quickly —with the help of YUBIWAZA!

## MASTER EVERY SITUATION!

Make no mistake! The world is crowded with anti-social enemies who think nothing of sticking a knife into the ribs... or attacking peace-loving citizens just for the fun of it... or molesting boys and girls shamelessly. There is a crying need for a system of self-defense that relies on KNOWLEDGE, not big muscles or strength... that depends on TECHNIQUE—not on weight or size of body... that is based on simple TRAINING—not on illegal possession of weapons.

When you know YUBIWAZA you can disarm and disable your opponent in seconds. You can repel a mugger who grabs you from behind—no matter how big he is or how much he weighs. Instantly you know WHERE to attack, and how. You learn the body's major vulnerable regions, the defense or on-guard position to take, and your body's personal weapons which you can apply to maximum advantage. I have jam-packed all I know about YUBIWAZA into my Guide, which I have profusely illustrated and clearly explained. I take you step by step through the fundamentals of this amazing system so that you understand clearly and immediately how these effective principles work. You learn those tricks used by marines, police and G-men... how to floor any bully... how to touch vital spots that will make any attacker helpless. No matter whether you are big or small, strong or weak, you can overpower practically any opponent with lightning speed!

## BECOME A NEW MAN!

Knowledge of YUBIWAZA will turn you into a NEW MAN even if you never actually have to use it! For you will become SELF-ASSURED through your ability to handle yourself. You will walk with a deter-

mined and confident air secure with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you... that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation—and that you can do all this with NO bodily contact! And you will win respect and admiration from everyone.

Thousands of men of all ages have won confidence and respect by learning YUBIWAZA. YOU can do the same! You owe it to your own peace of mind... to your friends and loved ones—to be able to defend yourself in these days when attack may come at any time and place from hoodlums, criminals and delinquents. So mail Coupon NOW for my COMPLETE Instruction on YUBIWAZA. If you and your friends don't say that YUBIWAZA has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent will be refunded!

## TWO FREE GIFTS!

If you order now, I'll include without extra charge 2 free gifts: your personal copy of HOW TO EASILY OVERCOME AND MASTER AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX, BASHFULNESS AND SHYNESS—plus—HOW TO DO STRONG-MAN STUNTS WITH EASE. And if you order promptly, I'll also include without extra charge your personal Membership Card in the American Yubiwaza Federation.

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Rush your complete YUBIWAZA Program in plain wrapper. I enclose \$1.98 as payment in full—nothing more to buy. My friends and I must be delighted with my amazing new YUBIWAZA power, or you will refund my money in full. Include my FREE gifts with YUBIWAZA—my personal copy of HOW TO EASILY OVERCOME AND MASTER AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX, BASHFULNESS AND SHYNESS and HOW TO DO STRONG-MAN STUNTS WITH EASE.

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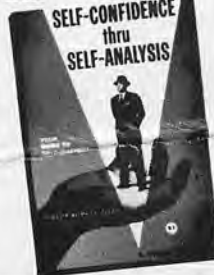
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Yes, you can stop smoking! By presenting a step-by-step method that is medically and psychologically sound, it gives you all possible help. The smoking habit is not in the mouth, but in the mind. It is the mind which must be conditioned against smoking. You'll learn how to do it.



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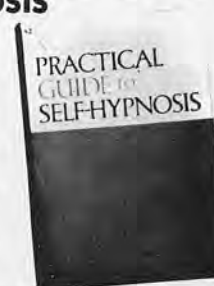
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This book should be read by everyone who is subject to the stress inherent in our modern civilization — and this includes practically all of us. Dr. Gutwirth shows you how to attain complete relaxation in a relatively short period of time. Extremely worthwhile reading.



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This book is written in terms that can be easily understood by the layman. The instructions should afford the reader a means of acquiring self-hypnosis. The necessary material is here. The reader need only follow the instructions as they are given. You can acquire a more rewarding, well-adjusted and fuller life.



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You can sleep at any time, under any conditions, without the use of pills or drugs. This book shows you how. Read it and learn the important facts about sleep; how to break the sleeping pill habit. All this is accomplished through a series of simple exercises that anyone can learn quickly and perform anywhere.



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There is abundant scientific evidence that the subconscious functions while we sleep. Sleep-suggestion is a remarkably efficient way of directing suggestions to the subconscious during sleep. A method has been devised that makes it possible during restful hours of sleep. A most unusual and thought-provoking book.



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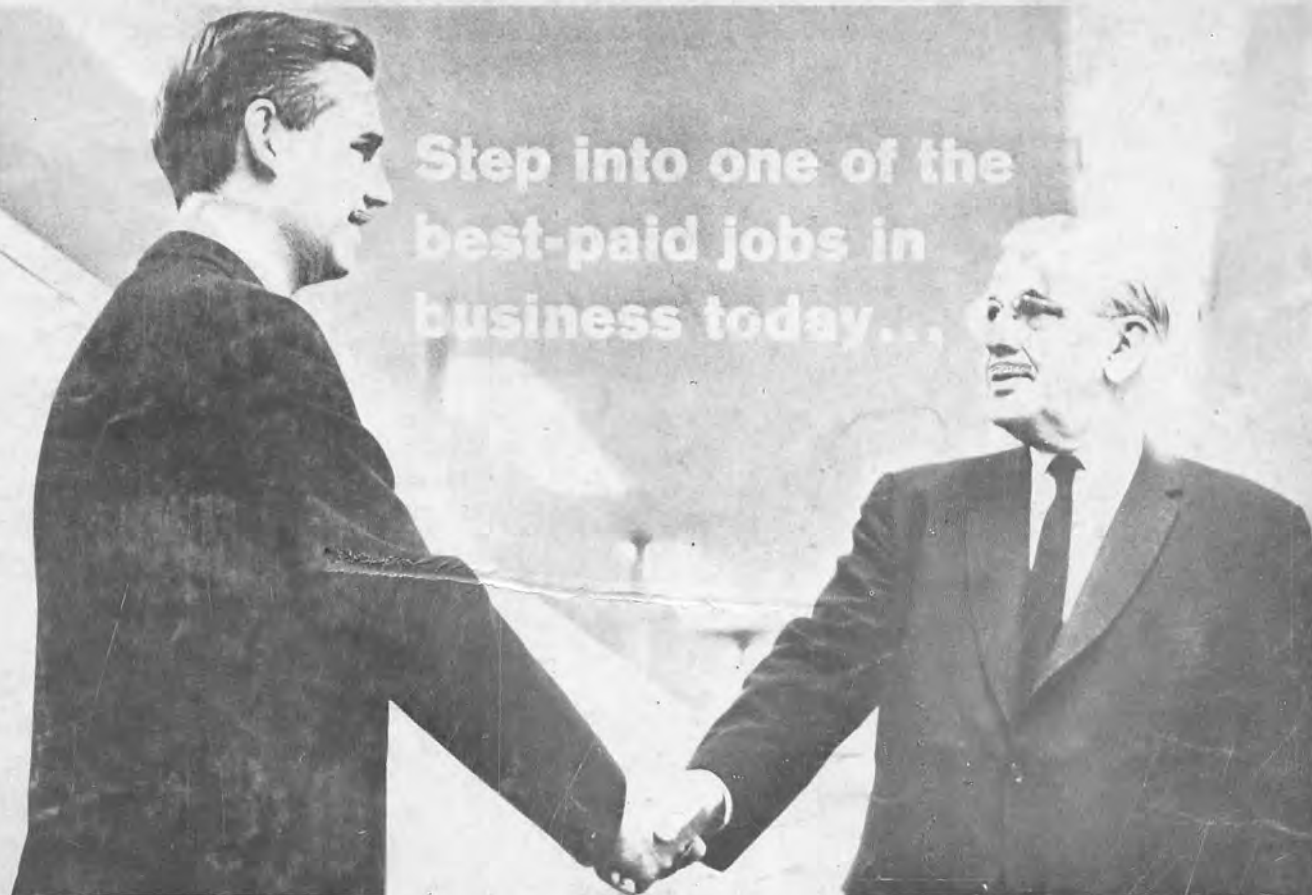
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